THE SPANISH FRYAR;

OR,

The Double Discovery.

Acted at

The Theatre Royal.

Ut melius possis fallere, sume togam.——Ma.
——*Alterna revisens*
Lusit, & in solido rursus fortuna locavit. Vir.

Written by *JOHN DRYDEN*, Servant to His MAJESTY.

The Second Edition.

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Written by JOHN DRYDEN, Servant
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To the Right Honourable

John Ld. Haughton.

My Lord,

WHEN I first design'd this Play I found or thought I found somewhat so moving in the Serious part of it, and so pleasant in the Comick, as might deserve a more than ordinary Care in both: Accordingly I us'd the best of my endeavour, in the management of two Plots, so very different from each other, that it was not perhaps the Talent of every Writer, to have made them of a piece. Neither have I attempted other Plays of the same nature, in my opinion, with the same Judgment; though with like success. And though many Poets may suspect themselves for the fondness and partiality of Parents to their youngest Children, yet I hope I may stand exempted from this Rule, because I know my self too well to be ever satisfied with my own Conceptions, which have seldom reach'd to those Ideas that I had within me: and consequently, I presume I may have liberty to judge when I write more or less pardonably, as an ordinary Mark-man may know certainly when he shoots less wide at what he aymes. Besides, the Care and Pains I have bestowed on this beyond my other Tragi-comedies may reasonably make the World conclude, that either I can doe nothing tolerably, or that this Poem is not much amiss. Few good Pictures have been finish'd at one sitting; neither can a true just Play, which is to bear the Test of Ages, be produc'd at a heat, or by the force of Fancy, without the maturity of judgment. For my own part, I have both so just a Diffidence of my self, and so great a Reverence for my Audience, that I dare venture nothing without a strict Examination; and am as much asham'd to put a loose indigested Play upon the Publick, as I should be to offer brass money in a Payment: For tho it should be taken, (as it is too often on the Stage,) yet it will be found in the second telling: And a judicious Reader will discover in his Closset that trashy stuff, whose glittering deceiv'd him in the action. I have often heard the Stationer sighing in his shop, and wishing for those hands to take off his melancholy bargain which clapp'd it's Performance on the Stage. In a Play-house every thing contributes to impose upon the Judgment; the Lights, the Scenes, the Habits, and, above all, the Grace of Action, which is commonly the best where there is the most need of it, surprise the Audience, and cast a mist upon their Understandings; not unlike the cunning of a Jugler, who is always staring us in the face, and overwhelming us with

gibberish, onely that he may gain the opportunity of making the cleaner conveyance of his Trick. But those false Beauties of the Stage are no more lasting than a Rainbow; when the Actor ceases to shine upon them, when he guilds them no longer with his reflexion, they vanish in a twinkling. I have sometimes wonder'd, in the reading, what was become of those glaring Colours which amaz'd me in Bussy Damboys *upon the Theatre: but when I had taken up what I suppos'd, a fallen Star, I found I had been cozen'd with a Jelly; nothing but a cold dull mass, which glitter'd no longer than it was shooting: A dwarfish thought dress'd up in gigantick words, repetition in abundance, lobstuess of expression, and gross Hyperboles: the Sense of one line expanded prodigiously into ten: and, to sum up all, uncorrect English, and a hideous mingle of false Poetry and true Nonsense; or, at best, a scantling of Wit which lay gasping for life, and groaning beneath a Heap of Rubbish. A famous modern Poet us'd to sacrifice every year a* Statius *to* Virgil's *Manes: and I have indignation enough to burn a* Damboys *annually to the memory of* Johnson. *But now, My Lord, I am sensible, perhaps too late, that I have gone too far: for I remember some Verses of my own* Maximin *and* Almanzor *which cry Vengeance upon me for their Extravagance, and which I wish heartily in the same fire with* Statius *and* Chapman: *All I can say for those passages, which are I hope not many, is, that I knew they were bad enough to please, even when I writ them: But I repent of them amongst my Sins: and if any of their fellows intrude by chance into my present Writings, I draw a stroke over all those* Dalilahs *of the Theatre; and am resolv'd I will settle my self no reputation by the applause of fools. 'Tis not that I am mortified to all ambition, but I scorn as much to take it from half-witted Judges, as I shou'd to raise an Estate by cheating of Bubbles. Neither do I discommend the lofty style in Tragedy which is naturally pompous and magnificent: but nothing is truly sublime that is not just and proper. If the Ancients had judg'd by the same measures which a common Reader takes, they had concluded* Statius *to have written higher than* Virgil: *for,*

Quæ superimposito moles geminata Colosso,

carries a more thundring kind of sound than,

Tityre tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi:

Yet Virgil *had all the Majesty of a lawful Prince; and* Statius *onely the blustring of a Tyrant. But when men affect a Vertue which they cannot reach, they fall into a Vice, which bears the neerest resemblance of it. Thus an injudicious Poet who aims at Loftiness runs easily into the swelling puffie style, because it looks like Greatness. I remember, when I was a Boy, I thought inimitable* Spencer *a mean Poet in comparison of* Sylvester's

veller's Dubartas: and was rapt into an ecstasie when I read these lines:

Now, when the Winter's keener breath began
To Crystallize the Baltick Ocean;
To glaze the Lakes, to bridle up the Floods,
And periwig with Snow the bald pate Woods:

I am much deceiv'd if this be not abominable fustian, that is, thoughts and words ill sorted, and without the least relation to each other: yet I dare not answer for an Audience, that they wou'd not clap it on the Stage: so little value there is to be given to the common cry, that nothing but Madness can please Mad-men, and a Poet must be of a piece with the Spectators, to gain a reputation with them. But, as in a room, contriv'd for State, the height of the roof shou'd bear a proportion to the Area; so, in the Heightenings of Poetry, the strength and vehemence of Figures shou'd be suited to the Occasion, the Subject, and the Persons. All beyond this is monstrous; 'tis out of nature, 'tis an excrescence, and not a living part of Poetry. I had not said thus much, if some young Gallants, who pretend to Criticism, had not told me that this Tragi-comedy wanted the dignity of style: but as a man who is charg'd with a Crime of which he thinks himself innocent, is apt to be too eager in his own defence, so perhaps I have vindicated my Play with more partiality than I ought, or than such a trifle can deserve. Yet, whatever beauties it may want, 'tis free at least from the grossness of those faults I mention'd. What Credit it has gain'd upon the Stage, I value no further than in reference to my Profit, and the satisfaction I had in seeing it represented with all the justness and gracefulness of Action. But as 'tis my Interest to please my Audience, so 'tis my Ambition to be read; that I am sure is the more lasting and the nobler Design: for the propriety of thoughts and words, which are the hidden beauties of a Play, are but confus'dly judg'd in the vehemence of Action: All things are there beheld, as in a hasty motion, where the objects onely glide before the Eye and disappear. The most discerning Critick can judge no more of these silent graces in the Action, than he who rides Post through an unknown Country can distinguish the situation of places, and the nature of the soil. The purity of phrase, the clearness of conception and expression, the boldness maintain'd to Majesty, the significancy and sound of words, not strain'd into bombast, but justly elevated, in short, those very words and thoughts which cannot be chang'd but for the worse, must of necessity escape our transient view upon the Theatre: and yet without all these a Play may take. For if either the Story move us, or the Actor help the lameness of it with his performance, or now and then a glittering beam of wit or passion strike through

the

the obscurity of the Poem, any of those are sufficient to effect a present liking, but not to fix a lasting admiration; for nothing but Truth can long continue; and Time is the surest Judge of Truth. I am not vain enough to think I have left no faults in this, which that touchstone wit not discover; neither indeed is it possible to avoid them in a Play of this nature. There are evidently two Actions in it: But it will be clear to any judicious man, that with half the pains I could have raised a Play from either of them: for this time I satisfied my own humour, which was to tack two Plays together; and to break a rule for the pleasure of variety. The truth is, the Audience are grown weary of continued melancholy Scenes: and I dare venture to prophesie, that few Tragedies except these in verse shall succeed in this Age, if they are not lightned with a mixture of mirth. For the Feast is too dull and solemn without the Fiddles. But how difficult a task this is, will soon be tryed: for a several Genius is requir'd to either way; and without both of them, a man, in my opinion, is but half a Poet for the Stage. Neither is it so triuial an undertaking, to make a Tragedy end happily; for 'tis more difficult to save than 'tis to kill. The Dagger and the Cup of Poison are always in a readiness: but to bring the Action to the last extremity, and then by probable means to recover all, will require the Art and Judgment of a Writer; and cost him many a pang in the performance.

And now, My Lord, I must confess that what I have written looks more like a Preface than a Dedication; and truly it was thus far my design, that I might entertain you with somewhat in my own Art which might be more worthy of a noble mind, than the stale exploded Trick of fulsome Panegyricks. 'Tis difficult to write justly on any thing, but almost impossible in Praise. I shall therefore wave so nice a subject: and onely tell you, that in recommending a Protestant Play to a Protestant Patron, as I doe my self an Honour, so I doe your Noble Family a right, who have been always eminent in the support and favour of our Religion and Liberties. And if the premises of your Youth, your Education at home, and your Experience abroad, deserve me not, the Principles you have embraced are such as will in no way degenerate from your Ancestours, but refresh their memory in the minds of all true English-men, and renew their lustre in your Person; which, My Lord, is not more the wish than it is the constant expectation of your Lordship's

Most obedient,

faithfull Servant,

John Dryden.

PROLOGUE.

NOW Luck for us, and a kind hearty Pit;
For he who pleases, never fails of Wit:
Honour is yours:
And you, like Kings, at City Treats bestow it;
The Writer kneels, and is bid rise a Poet:
But you are fickle Sovereigns, to our Sorrow,
You dubb to day and hang a man to morrow;
You cry the same Sense up, and down again,
Just like brass money once a year in Spain:
Take you i'th' mood, what e'er base metal come,
You coin as fast as Groats at Bromingam:
In short, so swift your Judgments turn and wind,
You cast our fleetest Wits a mile behind.
'Twere well your Judgments but in Plays did range,
But e'en your Follies and Debauches change
With such a Whirl, the Poets of your age
Are tyr'd, and cannot score 'em on the Stage,
Unless each Vice in short-hand they indite,
Ev'n as notcht Prentices whole Sermons write.
The heavy Hollanders *no Vices know*
But what they us'd a hundred years ago,
Like honest Plants, where they were stuck, they grow;
They cheat, but still from cheating Sires they come;
They drink, but they were christen'd first in Mum.
Their patrimonial Sloth the Spaniards *keep,*
And Philip *first taught* Philip *how to sleep.*
The French *and we still change, but here's the Curse,*
They change for better, and we change for worse;
They take up our old trade of Conquering,
And we are taking theirs, to dance and sing:
Our Fathers did for change to France *repair,*
And they for change will try our English *Air:*
As Children, when they throw one Toy away,
Strait a more foolish Gugaw comes in play:
So we, grown penitent, on serious thinking,
Leave Whoring, and devoutly fall to Drinking.

Scowring

PROLOGUE.

Scowring the Watch grows out of fashion wit
Now we set up for Tilting in the Pit,
Where 'tis agreed by Bullies, chicken-hearted,
To fright the Ladies first, and then be parted.
A fair Attempt has twice or thrice been made,
To hire Night Murth'rers, and make Death a Trade.
When Murther's out, what Vice can we advance?
Unless the new found Poisoning Trick of France:
And when their Art of Rats-bane *we have got,*
By way of thanks, we'll send 'em o'er our Plot.

Dramatis Personæ.

Leonora, Queen of *Arragon*,	Mrs. *Barry.*
Teresa, Woman to *Leonora*,	Mrs. *Crofts.*
Elvira, Wife to *Gomez*,	Mrs. *Betterton.*
Torrismond,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Bertran,	Mr. *Williams.*
Alphonso,	Mr. *Wiltshire.*
Lorenzo, his Son,	Mr. *Smith.*
Raymond,	Mr. *Gillow.*
Pedro,	Mr. *Underhill.*
Gomez,	Mr. *Noke.*
Dominic, the Spanish Fryar,	Mr. *Lee.*

THE

THE SPANISH FRYAR: OR THE Double Diſcovery.

ACT I.

Alphonſo, Pedro *meet, with Souldiers on each ſide, Drums,* &c.

Alph. STand: give the Word.
Pedro, The Queen of *Arragon.*
Alph. Pedro?——how goes the night?
Pedr. She wears apace.
Alph. Then welcome day-light: We ſhall have warm work on't:
The *Moor* will 'gage
His utmoſt Forces on this next Aſſault,
To win a Queen and Kingdom.
Pedro, Pox o'this Lion-way of wooing though:
Is the Queen ſtirring yet?
Alph. She has not been abed: but in her Chapel
All night devoutly watch'd: and brib'd the Saints
With Vows for her Deliverance.
Pedro, O, *Alphonſo,*
I fear they come too late! her Father's crimes
Sit heavy on her; and weigh down her prayers:
A Crown uſurp'd; a lawfull King depos'd;
In bondage held; debar'd the common light;
His Children murther'd, and his Friends deſtroy'd:
What can we leſs expect than what we feel,
And what we fear will follow?
Alph. Heav'n avert it!

Pedro, Then Heav'n muſt not be Heav'n: Judge the event
By what has paſs'd: Th'Uſurper joy'd not long
His ill-got Crown! 'Tis true, he dy'd in peace:
Unriddle that ye Pow'rs: But left his Daughter,
Our preſent Queen, ingag'd, upon his death-bed,
To marry with young *Bertran*, whoſe curs'd Father
Had help'd to make him great.
Hence, you well know, this fatal War aroſe;
Becauſe the *Moor*, *Abdalla*, with whoſe Troops
Th'Uſurper gain'd the Kingdom, was refus'd;
And, as an Infidel, his Love deſpis'd.

Alph. Well; we are Souldiers, *Pedro*: and, like Lawyers,
Plead for our Pay.

Pedro, A good Cauſe wou'd doe well though:
It gives my Sword an Edge: You ſee this *Bertran*
Has now three times been beaten by the *Moors*:
What hope we have, is in young *Torriſmond*,
Your brother's Son.

Alph. He's a ſucceſsfull Warriour,
And has the Souldiers hearts: Upon the skirts
Of *Arragon*, our ſquander'd Troops he rallies:
Our Watchmen, from the Tow'rs, with longing Eyes
Expect his ſwift Arrival.

Pedro, It muſt be ſwift, or it will come too late.

Alph. No more: —— Duke *Bertran*.

[*Enter* Bertran, *attended*.

Bertr. Relieve the Cent'ries that have watch'd all night.
To *Ped.* Now, Colonel, have you diſpos'd your men,
That you ſtand idle here?

Pedro, Mine are drawn off,
To take a ſhort repoſe.

Bertr. Short let it be:
For, from the *Mooriſh* Camp, this hour and more,
There has been heard a diſtant humming noiſe,
Like Bees diſturb'd, and arming in their hives.
What Courage in our Souldiers? Speak! What hope?

Pedro, As much as when Phyſicians ſhake their heads,
And bid their dying Patient think of Heav'n.
Our Walls are thinly mann'd: our beſt Men ſlain:
The reſt, an heartleſs number, ſpent with Watching,
And haraſs'd out with Duty.

Ber-

Bertran, Good-night all then.

Pedro, Nay, for my part, 'tis but a single life
I have to lose; I'll plant my Colours down
In the mid-breach, and by 'em fix my foot:
Say a short Souldiers Pray'r, to spare the trouble
Of my few Friends above: and then expect
The next fair Bullet.

Alph. Never was known a night of such distraction:
Noise so confus'd and dreadfull: Justling Crowds,
That run, and know not whither: Torches gliding,
Like Meteors, by each other in the streets.

Pedro, I met a reverend, fat, old, gouty Fryar;
With a Paunch swoln so high, his double Chin
Might rest upon't: A true Son of the Church;
Fresh colour'd, and well thriven on his Trade,
Come puffing with his greazy bald-pate Quire,
And fumbling o'er his Beads, in such an Agony,
He told 'em false for fear: About his Neck
There hung a Wench; the Label of his Function;
Whom he shook off, i'faith, methought, unkindly.
It seems the holy Stallion durst not score
Another Sin before he left the world.

[*Enter a* Captain.

Capt. To Arms, My Lord, to Arms.
From the *Moors* Camp the noise grows louder still:
Rattling of Armour, Trumpets, Drums and Ataballes;
And sometimes Peals of Shouts that rend the Heav'ns,
Like Victory: Then Groans again and Howlings,
Like those of vanquish'd men: But every Echo
Goes fainter off, and dies in distant Sounds.

Bertran, Some false Attack; expect on t'other side:
One to the Gunners on St. *Jago*'s Tow'r; Bid 'em, for shame,
Level their Cannon lower: On my Soul,
They 're all corrupted with the Gold of *Barbary*
To carry over, and not hurt the *Moor*.

[*Enter second* Captain.

2. *Capt.* My Lord, here's fresh Intelligence arriv'd:
Our Army, led by Valiant *Torrismond*,
Is now in hot Engagement with the *Moors*;
'Tis said, within their Trenches.

Bertr. I think all Fortune is reserv'd for him.

He might have ſent us word though;
And then we cou'd have favour'd his Attempt
With Sallies from the Town. ——

Alph. It cou'd not be:
We were ſo cloſe block'd up that none cou'd peep
Upon the Walls and live: But yet 'tis time: ——

Bertr. No, 'tis too late; I will not hazard it:
On pain of Death, let no man dare to ſally.

Pedr. (aſide) O Envy, Envy, how it works within him!
How now! What means this Show?

Alph. 'Tis a Proceſſion:
The Queen is going to the Great Cathedral
To pray for our Succeſs againſt the *Moors*.

Pedro, Very good: She uſurps the Throne; keeps the old King in Priſon; and, at the ſame time, is praying for a Bleſſing: Oh Religion and Roguery, how they go together!

A Proceſſion of Prieſts and Choriſters in white, with Tapers, follow'd by the Queen and Ladies, goes over the Stage: the Choriſters ſinging.

Look down, ye bleſs'd above, look down,
Behold our weeping Matrons Tears,
Behold our tender Virgins Fears,
And with ſucceſs our Armies crown.

Look down, yet bleſs'd above, look down:
Oh! ſave us, ſave us, and our State reſtore;
For Pitty, Pitty, Pitty, we implore;
For Pitty, Pitty, Pitty, we implore.

The Proceſſion goes off; and ſhout within. Then enter Lorenzo, *who kneels to* Alphonſo.

Bertr. to *Alph.* A joyfull Cry: and ſee your Son *Lorenzo*:
Good news kind Heav'n!

Alph. to *Lorenzo*, O, welcome, welcome! Is the General ſafe?
How near our Army? When ſhall we be ſuccour'd?
Or, Are we ſuccour'd? Are the *Moors* remov'd?
Anſwer theſe Queſtions firſt, and then a Thouſand more:
Anſwer 'em all together.

Lorenzo, Yes, when I have a thouſand Tongues, I will.
The General's well: His Army too is ſafe
As Victory can make 'em: The *Moors* King

Is

Is ſafe enough, I warrant him, for one.
At dawn of day our General cleft his Pate,
Spight of his woollen Night-cap: A ſlight wound:
Perhaps he may recover.

Alphonſo, Thou reviv'ſt me.

Pedro, By my computation now, the Victory was gain'd before the Proceſſion was made for it; and yet it will go hard, but the Prieſts will make a Miracle on't.

Lorenzo, Yes, Faith; we came like bold intruding Gueſts;
And took 'em unprepar'd to give us welcome:
Their Scouts we kill'd; then found their Body ſleeping:
And as they lay confus'd, we ſtumbl'd o'er 'em;
And took what Joint came next; Arms, Heads, or Legs;
Somewhat undecently: But when men want light
They make but bungling work.

Bertr. I'll to the Queen,
And bear the News.

Pedro, That's young *Lorenzo*'s duty.

Bertr. I'll ſpare his trouble.———
This *Torriſmond* begins to grow too faſt;
He muſt be mine, or ruin'd. *Aſide.*

Lorenzo, Pedro, a word: ———*(whiſper.)* [*Exit* Bertran.

Alph. How ſwift he ſhot away! I find it ſtung him,
In ſpight of his diſſembling.
To *Lorenzo,* How many of the Enemy are ſlain?

Lorenzo, Troth, Sir, we were in haſte; and could not ſtay
To ſcore the men we kill'd: But there they lye.
Beſt ſend our Women out to take the tale;
There's Circumciſion in abundance for 'em.

Alph. How far did you purſue 'em? [*Turns to* Pedro *again.*

Lorenzo, Some few miles.———
To *Pedro,* Good ſtore of Harlots, ſay you, and dog-cheap?

Pedro, They muſt be had; and ſpeedily:
I have kept a tedious Faſt. *(Whiſper again.)*

Alph. When will he make his Entry? He deſerves
Such Triumphs as were giv'n by Ancient *Rome:*
Ha, Boy, What ſayeſt thou?

Lorenzo, As you ſay, Sir, That *Rome* was very ancient———
To *Pedro,* I leave the choice to you; Fair, Black, Tall, Low:
Let her but have a Noſe: ———and you may tell her
I'm rich in Jewels, Rings and bobbing Pearls.

Pluck'd

Pluck'd from *Moors* ears.———

Alph. Lorenzo?

Lorenzo, ſomewhat buſie

About Affairs relating to the publick.———

———A ſeaſonable Girl, juſt in the nick now:——— [to *Pedro.*

[*Trumpets within.*

Pedro, I hear the General's Trumpets: Stand, and mark
How he will be receiv'd; I fear, but coldly:
There hung a Cloud, methought, on *Bertran*'s brow.

Lorenzo, Then look to ſee a Storm on *Torriſmond*'s:
Looks fright not men: The General has ſeen *Moors*,
With as bad Faces; no diſpraiſe to *Bertran*'s.

Pedro, 'Twas rumour'd in the Camp, he loves the Queen.

Lorenzo, He drinks her Health devoutly.

Alph. That may breed bad bloud 'twixt him and *Bertran.*

Pedro, Yes, in private:
But *Bertran* has been taught the Arts of Court,
To guild a Face with Smiles; and leer a man to ruine.
O here they come.———

{*Enter* Torriſmond *and Officers on one ſide:*
Bertran *attended on the other: they embrace;*
Bertran *bowing low.*

Juſt as I propheſy'd.———

Lorenzo, Death and Hell, he laughs at him:—in's Face too.

Pedro, O, you miſtake him: 'Twas an humble Grin;
The fawning Joy of Courtiers and of Dogs.

Lorenzo, (Aſide) Here are nothing but Lies to be expected:
I'll e'en go loſe my ſelf in ſome blind Alley; and try if any courteous Damſel will think we worth the finding. [*Exit* Lorenzo.

Alph. Now he begins to open.

Bertran, Your Countrey reſcu'd, and your Queen reliev'd!
A glorious Conqueſt; Noble *Torriſmond!*
The People rend the Skies with loud Applauſe;
And Heav'n can hear no other Name but yours.
The thronging Crowds preſs on you as you paſs;
And, with their eager Joy, make Triumph ſlow.

Torr. My Lord, I have no taſte
Of popular Applauſe; the noiſie Praiſe
Of giddy Crowds, as changeable as Winds;
Still vehement, and ſtill without a cauſe:
Servants to Chance; and blowing in the tyde

Of

Of ſwoln Succeſs; but, veering with its ebb,
It leaves the chanel dry.

Bertran, So young a Stoick!

Torr. You wrong me, if you think I'll ſell one drop
Within theſe Veins for Pageants: But let Honour
Call for my Bloud; and ſluce it into ſtreams;
Turn Fortune looſe again to my purſuit;
And let me hunt her through embattell'd Foes,
In duſty Plains, amidſt the Cannons roar,
There will I be the firſt.

Bertr. I'll try him farther——*(aſide.)*
Suppoſe th' aſſembled States of *Arragon*
Decree a Statue to you thus inſcrib'd,
To *Torriſmond,* who freed his native Land.

Alph. to *Pedro,* Mark how he ſounds and fathoms him, to find
The ſhallows of his Soul!

Bertr. The juſt Applauſe
Of God-like Senates, is the Stamp of Virtue,
Which makes it paſs unqueſtion'd through the World:
Theſe Honours you deſerve; nor ſhall my ſuffrage
Be laſt to fix 'em on you: If refus'd,
You brand us all with black Ingratitude;
For times to come ſhall ſay, Our *Spain,* like *Rome,*
Neglects her Champions, after Noble Acts,
And lets their Laurels wither on their heads.

Torriſmond, A Statue, for a Battel blindly fought,
Where Darkneſs and Surpriſe made Conqueſt cheap!
Where Virtue borrow'd but the Arms of Chance,
And ſtruck a random blow! 'Twas Fortune's work;
And Fortune take the praiſe.

Bertr. Yet Happineſs
Is the firſt Fame: Virtue without Succeſs
Is a fair Picture ſhewn by an ill light:
But lucky men are Favorites of Heaven:
And whom ſhould Kings eſteem above Heaven's Darlings?
The Praiſes of a young and beauteous Queen
Shall crown your glorious Acts.

Pedro to *Alphonſo,* There ſprung the Mine.

Torr. The Queen! That were a happineſs too great!
Nam'd you the Queen, My Lord?

Bertr. Yes: You have ſeen her, and you muſt confeſs

A Praiſe,

A Praiſe, a Smile, a Look from her is worth
The ſhouts of thouſand Amphitheatres:
She, ſhe ſhall praiſe you; for I can oblige her:
To morrow will deliver all her Charms
Into my Arms; and make her mine for ever.
Why ſtand you mute?

Torr. Alas! I cannot ſpeak.

Ber. Not ſpeak, My Lord! How were your thoughts employ'd?

Torr. Nor can I think; or I am loſt in thought.

Bertr. Thought of the Queen, perhaps?

Torr. Why, if it were,
Heav'n may be thought on, though too high to climb.

Bertr. O, now I find where your Ambition drives:
You ought not think of her.

Torr. So I ſay too;
I ought not: Madmen ought not to be mad;
But who can help their frenzy?

Bertr. Fond young Man!
The Wings of your Ambition muſt be clipt:
Your ſhamefac'd Vertue ſhunn'd the Peoples Praiſe,
And Senates Honours: But 'tis well we know
What price you hold your ſelf at: you have fought
With ſome Succeſs, and that has ſeal'd your Pardon.

Torr. Pardon from thee! O, give me patience Heav'n!
Thrice vanquiſh'd *Bertran*; if thou dar'ſt, look out
Upon yon ſlaughter'd Hoſt, that Field of bloud:
There ſeal my Pardon, where thy Fame was loſt.

Ped. He's ruin'd, paſt redemption!

Alph. to *Torr.* Learn reſpect
To the firſt Prince o'th' bloud.

Bertr. O, let him rave!
I'll not contend with Madmen.

Torr. I have done:
I know 'twere Madneſs to declare this Truth:
And yet 'twere Baſeneſs to deny my Love.
'Tis true, my hopes are vaniſhing as clouds;
Lighter than childrens bubbles blown by winds:
My merit's but the raſh refults of chance:
My birth unequal: all the Stars againſt me:
Pow'r, promiſe, choice; the living and the dead
Mankind my foes; and onely love to friend:

But

But ſuch a love, kept at ſuch awfull diſtance,
As, what it loudly dares to tell, a Rival
Shall fear to whiſper there: Queens may he lov'd,
And ſo may Gods; elſe, why are Altars rais'd?
Why ſhines the Sun, but that he may be view'd;
But, Oh! when he's too bright, if then we gaze,
'Tis but to weep; and cloſe our eyes in darkneſs.
[*Exit* Torriſmond.

Bert. 'Tis well: the Goddeſs ſhall be told, ſhe ſhall,
Of her new Worſhipper. [*Exit* Bertran.

Pedro, So, here's fine work!
He has ſupply'd his onely foe with Arms
For his deſtruction. Old *Penelope's* tale
Inverted: h'has unravell'd all by day
That he has done by night.——What, Planet-ſtruck!

Alph. I wiſh I were; to be paſt ſenſe of this!

Ped. Wou'd I had but a Leaſe of life ſo long
As till my Fleſh and Bloud rebell'd this way
Againſt our Sovereign Lady: mad for a Queen?
With a Globe in one hand, and a Sceptre in t'other?
A very pretty Moppet!

Alph. Then to declare his Madneſs to his Rival!
His Father abſent on an Embaſſy:
Himſelf a Stranger almoſt; wholly friendleſs!
A Torrent, rowling down a Precipice,
Is eaſier to be ſtopt, than is his Ruine.

Ped. 'Tis fruitleſs to complain: haſte to the Court:
Improve your intereſt, for Pardon from the Queen.

Alph. Weak remedies;
But all muſt be attempted. [*Exit* Alphonſo.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Well, I am the moſt unlucky Rogue! I have been ranging over half the Town; but have ſprung no Game. Our Women are worſe Infidels than the *Moors:* I told 'em I was one of their Knight-errants, that deliver'd them from raviſhment: and I think in my conſcience that's their Quarrel to me.

Pedro, Is this a time for fooling. Your Coſin is run honourably mad in love with her Majeſty: He is ſplit upon a Rock; and you, who are in chaſe of Harlots, are ſinking in the main Ocean. I think the Devil's in the Family. [*Exit* Pedro.

[Lorenzo *ſolus.*

Lor. My Couſin ruin'd, ſays he! hum! not that I wiſh my Kinſman's ruine; That were unchriſtian: but if the General's ruin'd, I am Heir; there's comfort for a Chriſtian. Money I have, I thank the honeſt *Moors* for't; but I want a Miſtreſs. I am willing to be leud; but the Tempter is wanting on his part.

Enter Elvira *veil'd.*

Elvira, Stranger! Cavalier——will you not hear me? you *Moor-killer,* you *Matador.*——

Lor. Meaning me, Madam?

Elvira, Face about, Man; you a Souldier, and afraid of the Enemy!

Lor. I muſt confeſs, I did not expect to have been charg'd firſt: I ſee Souls will not be loſt for want of diligence in this Devil's reign:

——*Aſide*——

To her. Now, Madam *Cynthia* behind a cloud; your will and pleaſure with me?

Elvira, You have the appearance of a Cavalier; and if you are as deſerving as you ſeem, perhaps you may not repent of your Adventure. If a Lady like you well enough to hold diſcourſe with you at firſt ſight; you are Gentleman enough, I hope, to help her out with an Apology: and to lay the blame on Stars, or Deſtiny; or what you pleaſe, to excuſe the Frailty of a Woman.

Lorenzo, O, I love an eaſie Woman: there's ſuch a doe to crack a thick ſhell'd Miſtreſs: we break our Teeth; and find no Kernel. 'Tis generous in you, to take pity on a Stranger; and not to ſuffer him to fall into ill hands at his firſt arrival.

Elvira, You may have a better opinion of me than I deſerve; you have not ſeen me yet; and therefore I am confident you are heart-whole.

Lorenzo, Not abſolutely ſlain, I muſt confeſs; but I am drawing on apace: you have a dangerous Tongue in your head, I can tell you that; and if your Eyes prove of as killing metal, there's but one way with me: Let me ſee you, for the ſafeguard of my Honour: 'tis but decent the Cannon ſhould be drawn down upon me, before I yield.

Elvira, What a terrible Similitude have you made, Colonel? to ſhew that you are inclining to the Wars: I could anſwer you with another in my Profeſſion: Suppoſe you were in want of Money; would you not be glad to take a Sum upon content in a ſeal'd bag, without peeping?——but however; I will not ſtand with you for a ſample. [*Lifts up her Veil.*

Lor-

Lorenz, What Eyes were there! how keen their Glances! you doe well to keep 'em veil'd: they are too ſharp to be truſted out o'th' Scabbard.

Elvira, Perhaps now you may accuſe my forwardneſs; but this day of Jubilee is the onely time of freedom I have had: and there is nothing ſo extravagant as a Priſoner, when he gets looſe a little, and is immediately to return into his Fetters.

Lorenzo, To confeſs freely to you, Madam, I was never in love with leſs than your whole Sex before: but now I have ſeen you, I am in the direct road of languiſhing and ſighing: and, if Love goes on as it begins, for ought I know, by to morrow morning you may hear of me in Rhyme and Sonnet. I tell you truly, I do not like theſe Symptoms in my ſelf: perhaps I may go ſhufflingly at firſt; for I was never before walk'd in Trammels; yet I ſhall drudge and moil at Conſtancy, till I have worn off the hitching in my pace.

Elvira, Oh, Sir, there are Arts to reclaim the wildeſt Men, as there are to make Spaniels fetch and carry: chide 'em often, and feed 'em ſeldom: now I know your temper, you may thank your ſelf if you are kept to hard meat:——you are in for years if you make love to me.

Lorenzo, I hate a formal obligation with an *Anno Domini* at end on't; there may be an evil meaning in the word Years, call'd Matrimony.

Elvira, I can eaſily rid you of that Fear: I wiſh I could rid my ſelf as eaſily of the bondage.

Lorenzo, Then you are married?

Elvira, If a Covetous, and a Jealous, and an Old man be a husband.

Lor. Three as good qualities for my purpoſe as I could wiſh: now love be prais'd. [*Enter* Elvira's Duenna, *and whiſpers to her.*

Elvira, (Aſide.) If I get not home before my Husband, I ſhall be ruin'd. [——*to him.*
I dare not ſtay to tell you where——farewell——cou'd I once more—— [*Exit* Elvira.

Lorenzo, This is unconſcionable dealing; to be made a Slave, and not know whoſe livery I wear:——Who have we yonder? *(Enter* Gomez,*)* By that ſhambling in his walk, it ſhould be my rich old Banker, *Gomez,* whom I knew at *Barcelona:* As I live 'tis he——

To *Gomez,* What, Old *Mammon* here?

Gom. How! Young *Beelzebub!*

Lorenzo, What Devil has ſet his Claws in thy Hanches, and brought thee hither to *Saragoſſa?* Sure he meant a farther Journey with thee.

Gom. I always remove before the Enemy: When the *Moors* are ready to beſiege one Town, I ſhift quarters to the next: I keep as far from the Infidels as I can.

Lor. That's but a hair's breadth at fartheſt.

Gom. Well, You have got a famous Victory; all true Subjects are overjoy'd at it, there are Bonfires decreed: and the times if had not been hard, my Billet ſhould have burnt too.

Lor. I dare ſay for thee, thou haſt ſuch a reſpect for a ſingle Billet, thou would'ſt almoſt have thrown on thy ſelf to ſave it: thou art for ſaving every thing but thy Soul.

Gom. Well, well, You'll not believe me generous 'till I carry you to the Tavern, and crack half a Pint with you at my own charges.

Lor. No; I'll keep thee from hanging thy ſelf for ſuch an extravagance: and, inſtead of it, thou ſhalt doe me a mere verbal courteſie: I have juſt now ſeen a moſt incomparable young Lady.

Gom. Whereabouts did you ſee this moſt incomparable young Lady? My mind miſgives me plaguily.——*(Aſide.)*

Lor. Here, man; juſt before this Corner-houſe: Pray Heaven it prove no Bawdy-houſe?

Gom. (Aſide.) Pray heaven he does not make it one.

Lor. What doſt thou mutter to thy ſelf? Haſt' thou any thing to ſay againſt the Honeſty of that houſe?

Gom. Not I, Colonel, the Walls are very honeſt Stone, and the Timber very honeſt Wood, for ought I know. But for the Woman, I cannot ſay, till I know her better: deſcribe her perſon; and, if ſhe live in this quarter, I may give you tidings of her.

Lor. She's of a middle Stature, dark colour'd Hair, the moſt bewitching Leer with her Eyes, the moſt roguiſh Caſt; her Cheeks are dimpled when ſhe ſmiles; and her Smiles would tempt an Hermit.

Gom. (Aſide.) I am dead, I am buried, I am damn'd.——Go on——Colonel——have you no other Marks of her?

Lor. Thou haſt all her Marks; but that ſhe has an Husband; a jealous, covetous, old Huncks: ſpeak; canſt thou tell me News of her?

Gom. Yes; this News, Colonel; that you have ſeen your laſt of her.

Lor.

Lor. If thou helpst me not to the knowledge of her, thou art a circumcised *Jew*.

Gom. Circumcise me no more than I circumcise you, Colonel *Hernando*: once more you have seen your last of her.

Lor. (*Aside.*) I am glad he knows me onely by that Name of *Hernando*, by which I went at *Barcelona*: now he can tell no tales of me to my Father.

To him. Come, thou wert ever good-natur'd, when thou couldst get by't:—Look here, Rogue, 'tis of the right damning colour: ——thou art not Proof against Gold, sure!——do not I know thee for a covetous,———

Gomez, Jealous, old Huncks: those were the Marks of your Mistress's Husband, as I remember, Colonel.

Lor. Oh, the Devil! What a Rogue in understanding was I, not to find him out sooner! (*Aside.*)

Gom. Do, do, Look sillily, good Colonel: 'tis a decent Melancholy after an absolute Defeat.

Lor. Faith, not for that, dear *Gomez*?——but,

Gom. But——no Pumping, My dear, Colonel.

Lor. Hang Pumping; I was——thinking a little upon a point of Gratitude, we two have been long Acquaintance; I know thy Merits, and can make some Interest: go to; thou wert born to Authority: I'll make thee *Alcaide* Mayor of *Saragossa*.

Gom. Satisfie your self; you shall not make me what you think, Colonel.

Lor. Faith but I will; thou hast the Face of a Magistrate already.

Gom. And you would provide we with a Magistrates Head to my Magistrates Face; I thank you, Colonel.

Lor. Come, thou art so suspicious upon an idle Story——that Woman I saw, I mean that little, crooked, ugly Woman; for t'other was a Lye;——is no more thy Wife:——As I'll go home with thee, and satisfie thee immediately, My dear Friend.

Gom. I shall not put you to that trouble: no not so much as a single Visit: not so much as an Embassy by a civil, old Woman: nor a Serenade of *Twinckledum, Twinckledum*, under my windows: Nay, I will advise you out of my tenderness to your Person, that you walk not near yon Corner-house by night; for to my certain knowledge, there are Blunderbusses planted in every loophole, that go off constantly of their own accord, at the squeaking of a Fiddle, and the thrumming of a Ghittar.

Lor. Art thou so obstinate? Then I denounce open War against thee:

thee: I'll demoliſh thy Citadel by force: or, at leaſt, I'll bring my whole Regiment upon thee: my thouſand red Locuſts that ſhall devour thee in Free quarter.——Farewell wrought Night-cap.

[*Exit* Lorenzo.

Gom. Farewell Buff! Free-quarter for a Regiment of Red coat Locuſts? I hope to ſee 'em all in the Red ſea firſt!——But oh, this *Jezabel* of mine! I'll get a Phyſician that ſhall preſcribe her an ounce of *Camphire* every morning for her Breakfaſt, to abate Incontinency: ſhe ſhall never peep abroad, no, not to Church for Confeſſion; and for never going, ſhe ſhall be condemn'd for a Heretick: ſhe ſhall have Stripes by *Troy* weight; and Suſtenance Drachms and Scruples: Nay, Nay, I'll have a Faſting Almanack printed on purpoſe for her uſe; in which,

No Carnival nor Chriſtmaſs ſhall appear;
But Lents and Ember-weeks ſhall fill the year.

[*Exit* Gomez.

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Queen's Anti-Chamber.*

Alphonſo, Pedro.

Alph. WHEN ſaw you my *Lorenzo*?

Ped. I had a glimpſe of him; but he ſhot by me
Like a young Hound upon a burning ſcent:
He's gon a Harlot-hunting.

Alph. His Foreign breeding might have taught him better.

Ped. 'Tis that has taught him this.
What learn our Youth abroad; but to refine
The homely Vices of their Native Land?
Give me an honeſt homeſpun Countrey Clown
Of our own growth; his dulneſs is but plain;
But their's embroider'd: they are ſent out Fools,
And come back Fopps.

Alph. You know what reaſons urg'd me;
But now I have accompliſh'd my Deſigns,
I ſhould be glad he knew 'em:——his wild Riots
Diſturb my Soul; but they wou'd ſit more cloſe,
Did not the threaten'd down-fall of our houſe,
In *Torriſmond*, o'erwhelm my private Ills.

Enter

{*Enter* Bertran *attended; and whiſpering with a Courtier, aſide.*

Bertr. I wou'd not have her think he dar'd to love her;
If he preſume to own it, ſhe's ſo proud
He tempts his certain ruine.

Alph. to *Ped.* Mark how diſdainfully he throws his Eyes on us.
Our old impriſon'd King wore no ſuch Looks.

Ped. O, wou'd the General ſhake off his Dotage to th' uſurping Queen,
And re-inthrone Good, Venerable *Sancho*,
I'll undertake, ſhou'd *Bertran* ſound his Trumpets,
And *Torriſmond* but whiſtle through his Fingers,
He draws his Army off.

Alph. I told him ſo:
But had an Anſwer louder than a Storm.

Ped. Now Plague and Pox on his Smock-loyalty!
I hate to ſee a brave bold Fellow ſotted,
Made ſour and ſenſleſs; turn'd to Whey by Love:
A driveling Hero; fit for a Romance.
O, here he comes; what will their greeting be!

{*Enter* Torriſmond *attended.* Bertran *and he meet and juſtle.*

Bertr. Make way, my Lords, and let the Pageant paſs.

Tor. I make my way wheree'er I ſee my Foe:
But you, My Lord, are good at a Retreat:
I have no *Moors* behind me.

Bertr. Death and Hell!
Dare to ſpeak thus when you come out again?

Tor. Dare to provoke me thus, inſulting man?

[*Enter* Tereſa.

Ter. My Lords, You are too loud ſo near the Queen:
You, *Torriſmond*, have much offended her:
'Tis her Command you inſtantly appear,
To anſwer your demeanour to the Prince.

{*Exit* Tereſa; Bertran *with his company follow her.*

Tor. O *Pedro*, O *Alphonſo*, pity me!
A Grove of Pikes
Whoſe poliſh'd Steel from far ſeverely ſhines,
Are not ſo dreadfull as this beauteous Queen.

Alph. Call up your Courage timely to your aid:

And, like a Lion preſs'd upon the Toiles,
Leap on your Hunters: Speak your Actions boldly;
There is a time when modeſt Vertue is
Allow'd to praiſe it ſelf.

Ped. Heart, you were hot enough; too hot, but now;
Your Fury then boil'd upward to a Fome:
But ſince this Meſſage came, you ſink and ſettle;
As if cold water had been pour'd upon you.

Tor. Alas, thou knowſt not what it is to love;
When we behold an Angel, not to fear,
Is it to be impudent:——no I'm reſolv'd,
Like a led Victime, to my Death I'll go;
And, dying, bleſs the hand that gave the blow. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *draws; and ſhews the Queen ſitting in State,*
Bertran *ſtanding next her: then* Tereſa, *&c.*

She riſes, and comes to the Front.

Qu. *Leonora* to *Bert.* I blame not you, My Lord, my Father's will,
Your own Deſerts, and all my People's Voice,
Have plac'd you in the view of Sovereign Pow'r.
But I wou'd learn the cauſe, why *Torriſmond*,
Within my Palace Walls, within my Hearing,
Almoſt within my Sight, affronts a Prince
Who ſhortly ſhall command him.

Bertr. He thinks you owe him more than you can pay;
And looks as he were Lord of humane kind.

Enter Torriſmond, Alphonſo, Pedro. Torriſmond *bows low; then looks earneſtly on the Queen, and keeps at diſtance.*

Tereſa, Madam, The General.——

Qu. Let me view him well.
My Father ſent him early to the Frontiers;
I have not often ſeen him; if I did,
He paſs'd unmark'd by my unheeding Eyes.
But where's the Fierceneſs, the Diſdainfull Pride;
The Haughty Port, the Fiery Arrogance?
By all theſe Marks, this is not ſure the man.

Bertr. Yet this is he who fill'd your Court with Tumult,
Whoſe Fierce Demeanour, and whoſe Inſolence
The Patience of a God cou'd not ſupport.

Qu. Name his Offence, My Lord, and he shall have
Immediate punishment.
Bertr. 'Tis of so high a nature, shou'd I speak it,
That my Presumption then wou'd equal his.
Qu. Some one among you speak.
Ped. (*Aside.*) Now my Tongue itches.
Qu. All dumb! on your Allegiance, *Torrismond*,
By all your hopes, I do command you, speak.
Torr. (*kneeling.*) O seek not to convince me of a Crime
Which I can ne'er repent, nor can you pardon.
Or, if you needs will know it, think, oh think,
That he, who thus commanded dares to speak,
Unless commanded, wou'd have dy'd in silence.
But you adjur'd me, Madam, by my hopes!
Hopes I have none for I am all Despair:
Friends I have none; for Friendship follows Favour:
Desert I've none; for what I did, was Duty:
Oh, that it were! that it were Duty all!
Qu. Why do you pause? proceed.
Torr. As one condemn'd to leap a Precipice,
Who sees before his Eyes the Depth below,
Stops short, and looks about, for some kind Shrub
To break his dreadfull Fall——so I;——
But whither am I going; if to Death,
He looks so lovely sweet in Beauteous Pomp,
He draws me to his Dart.——I dare no more.
Bertr. He's mad beyond the Cure of *Hellebore*.
Whips, Darkness, Dungeons, for this Insolence.——
Tor. Mad as I am, yet I know when to bear.——
Qu. You're both too bold. You, *Torrismond* withdraw:
I'll teach you all what's owing to your Queen.
For you, My Lord,——
The Priest to morrow was to join our hands;
I'll try if I can live a day without you.
So, both of you depart; and live in Peace.
Alph. Who knows which way she points!
Doubling and turning, like an hunted Hare.
Find out the Meaning of her mind who can.
Pedr. Who ever found a Woman's head backward and forward.
The whole Sex in every word. In my Conscience when she was
getting, her Mother was thinking of a Riddle.

[*Exeunt all, but the* Queen *and* Tereſa.

Queen, Haſte, my *Tereſa*, haſte; and call him back.

Tereſa, Whom, Madam? *(Queen,)* Him. *(Ter.)* Prince *Bertran*? *(Qu.) Torriſmond.*
There is no other He.

Ter. (Aſide.) A riſing Sun;
Or I am much deceiv'd. [*Exit* Tereſa.

Queen, A change ſo ſwift, what heart did ever feel!
It ruſh'd upon me, like a mighty Stream,
And bore me in a moment far from Shore.
I've lov'd away my ſelf in one ſhort hour
Already am I gon an Age of Paſſion.
Was it his Youth, his Valour, or Succeſs?
Theſe might perhaps be found in other men.
'Twas that reſpect; that awfull homage pay'd me;
That fearfull Love which trembled in his Eyes;
And, with a ſilent Earthquake, ſhook his Soul.
But, when he ſpoke, what tender words he ſaid!
So ſoftly, that, like flakes of feather'd Snow,
They melted as they fell.

Enter Tereſa, *with* Torriſmond.

Ter. He waits your pleaſure.

Qu. 'Tis well; retire——Oh Heav'ns, that I muſt ſpeak
So diſtant from my heart——*(Aſide.)*
To *Torr.* How now! What Boldneſs brings you back again?

Torr. I heard 'twas your Command.

Qu. A fond miſtake,
To credit ſo unlikely a Command.
And you return full of the ſame Preſumption
T'affront me with your Love?

Tor. If 'tis Preſumption for a Wretch condemn'd
To throw himſelf beneath his Judges feet:——
A Boldneſs, more than this, I never knew;
Or, if I did, 'twas onely to my Foes.

Qu. You would inſinuate your paſt Services;
And thoſe, I grant, were great: but you confeſs
A Fault committed ſince, that cancells all.

Tor. And who cou'd dare to diſavow his Crime,
When that, for which he is accus'd and ſeiz'd,
He bears about him ſtill! my Eyes confeſs it——
My every action ſpeaks my heart aloud.

But,

But, oh, the Madness of my high attempt
Speaks louder yet! and all together cry,
I love and I despair.
Qu. Have you not heard,
My Father, with his dying voice bequeath'd
My Crown and me to *Bertran*? And dare you,
A private man, presume to love a Queen?
Tor. That, that's the Wound! I see you set so high,
As no Desert, or Services, can reach.
Good Heav'ns, why gave you me a Monarch's Soul,
And crusted it with base Plebeian Clay!
Why gave you me Desires of such extent,
And such a Span to grasp 'em? Sure my lot
By some o'er-hasty Angel was misplac'd
In Fate's Eternal Volume!—But I rave,
And, like a giddy Bird, in dead of night,
Fly round the Fire that scorches me to death.
Qu. Yet, *Torrismond*, you've not so ill deserv'd,
But I may give you Counsel for your Cure.
Tor. I cannot, nay, I wish not to be cur'd.
Qu. (*Aside.*) Nor I, Heav'n knows!
Tor. There is a Pleasure sure
In being Mad, which none but Madmen know!
Let me indulge it: let me gaze for ever!
And, since you are too great to be belov'd,
Be greater, greater yet; and be ador'd.
Qu. These are the words which I must onely hear
From *Bertran*'s mouth; they shou'd displease from you;
I say they shou'd: but Women are so vain,
To like the Love, though they despise the Lover.
Yet, that I may not send you from my sight
In absolute despair—I pity you.
Tor. Am I then pity'd! I have liv'd enough!
Death, take me in this moment of my Joy;
But when my Soul is plung'd in long oblivion,
Spare this one Thought: let me remember Pity;
And so deceiv'd, think all my life was bless'd?
Qu. What if I add a little to my Alms.
If that wou'd help, I cou'd cast in a Tear
To your Misfortunes.——
Tor. A Tear! You have o'er bid all my past Sufferings,

And all my future too!
Qu. Were I no Queen——
Or you of Royal Bloud——
Tor. What have I loſt by my Fore-fathers fault?
Why was not I the Twenty'th by deſcent
From a long reſtive race of droning Kings?
Love! What a poor omnipotence haſt thou
When Gold and Titles buy thee?
Qu. (*ſighs.*) Oh, my torture!——
Tor. Might I preſume, but, oh, I dare not hope
That Sigh was added to your Alms for me!
Qu. I give you leave to gueſs; and not forbid you
To make the beſt conſtruction for your love.
Be ſecret and diſcreet; theſe Fayery favours
Are loſt when not conceal'd;——provoke not *Bertran.*——
Retire: I muſt no more but this,--Hope, *Torriſmond.*-[*Exit* Queen.
Torr. She bids me hope; oh Heav'ns; ſhe pities me!
And pity ſtill foreruns approaching love;
As Lightning does the Thunder! Tune your Harps
Ye Angels to that ſound; and thou, my Heart,
Make room to entertain thy flowing Joy.
Hence all my Griefs, and every anxious Care:
One word, and one kind Glance, can cure deſpair.
[*Exit* Torriſmond.

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

A Table and Wine ſet out.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. This may hit, 'tis more than barely poſſible: for Fryars have free admittance into every houſe. This *Jacobin*, whom I have ſent to, is her Confeſſour; and who can ſuſpect a man of ſuch Reverence for a Pimp? I'll try for once: I'll bribe him high: for commonly none love Money better than they who have made a Vow of Poverty.

Enter Servant.

Serv. There's a huge fat religious Gentleman coming up, Sir, he ſays he's but a Fryar, but he's big enough to be a Pope; his Gills are as roſie as a Turkey-Cock; his great Belly walks in ſtate before him like an Harbinger; and his gouty Legs come limping after it: Never was ſuch a Tun of Devotion ſeen.

Lor.

Lor. Bring him in, and vanish. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter Father Dominic.

Lor. Welcome, Father.

Dom. Peace be here: I thought I had been sent for to a dying man; to have fitted him for another world.

Lor. No, Faith, Father, I was never for taking such long journeys. Repose your self, I beseech you, Sir, if those spindle Legs of yours will carry you to the next Chair.

Dom. I am old, I am infirm, I must confess, with Fasting.

Lor. 'Tis a sign by your wan Complexion, and your thin Jouls, Father. Come——to our better Acquaintance:——here's a Sovereign Remedy for Old Age and Sorrow. [*Drinks.*

Dom. The Looks of it are indeed alluring: I'll doe you reason. [*Drinks.*

Lor. Is it to your Palate, Father?

Dom. Second thoughts, they say, are best: I'll consider of it once again. [*Drinks.*

It has a most delicious Flavour with it.

Gad forgive me, I have forgotten to drink your health, Son, I am not us'd to be so unmannerly, [*Drinks again.*

Lor. No, I'll be sworn by what I see of you, you are not:—— To the bottom.——I warrant him a true Church-man.——Now Father, to our business, 'tis agreeable to your Calling: I intend to doe an act of Charity.

Dom. And I love to hear of Charity; 'tis a comfortable subject.

Lor. Being in the late Battel, in great hazard of my Life, I recommended my person to good St. *Dominic.*

Dom. You cou'd not have pitch'd upon a better: he's a sure Card: I never knew him fail his Votaries.

Lor. Troth I e'en made bold to strike up a bargain with him, that if I scap'd with Life and Plunder, I wou'd present some Brother of the Order with part of the Booty taken from the Infidels, to be employ'd in charitable uses.

Dom. There you hit him: St. *Dominic* loves Charity exceedingly: that Argument never fails with him.

Lor. The Spoils were mighty; and I scorn to wrong him of a Farthing. To make short my Story; I enquir'd among the *Jacobins* for an Almoner, and the general Fame has pointed out your Reverence as the Worthiest man:——here are Fifty good Pieces in this Purse.

Dom. How, Fifty Pieces? 'tis too much, too much in Conscience.

Lor. Here; take 'em Father.

Dom.

Dom. No, in troth, I dare not: do not tempt me to break my Vow of Poverty.

Lor. If you are modeſt, I muſt force you: for I am ſtrongeſt.

Dom. Nay, if you compell me, there's no contending; but will you ſet your ſtrength againſt a decrepit, poor, old man?

[*Takes the Purſe.*

As I ſaid, 'tis too great a Bounty; but St. *Dominic* ſhall owe you another Scape: I'll put him in mind of you.

Lor. If you pleaſe, Father, we will not trouble him till the next Battel. But you may doe me a greater kindneſs, by conveying my Prayers to a Female Saint.

Dom. A Female Saint! good now, good now, how your Devotions jump with mine! I always lov'd the Female Saints.

Lor. I mean a Female-mortal-married-woman-Saint: Look upon the Superſcription of this Note; you know Don *Gomez* his Wife.

[*Gives him a Letter.*

Dom. Who, Donna *Elvira*? I think I have ſome reaſon: I am her Ghoſtly Father.

Lor. I have ſome buſineſs of Importance with her, which I have communicated in this Paper; but her Husband is ſo horribly given to be jealous.——

Dom. Ho, jealous; he's the very Quinteſſence of Jealouſie: he keeps no Male Creature in his houſe: and from abroad he lets no man come near her.

Lor. Excepting you, Father.

Dom. Me, I grant you: I am her Director and her Guide in ſpiritual Affairs. But he has his humours with me too: for t'other day, he call'd me Falſe Apoſtle.

Lor. Did he ſo? that reflects upon you all: on my word, Father, that touches your Copy-hold. If you would do a meritorious Action, you might revenge the Churches Quarrel.——My Letter, Father——

Dom. Well, ſo far as a Letter, I will take upon me: for what can I refuſe to a man ſo charitably given?

Lor. If you bring an Anſwer back, that Purſe in your hand has a twin-brother, as like him as ever he can look: there are Fifty Pieces lye dormant in it, for more Charities.

Dom. That muſt not be: not a Farthing more upon my Prieſthood.——But what may be the purport and meaning of this Letter; that I confeſs a little troubles me.

Lor. No harm, I warrant you.

Dom.

Duke. Well, you are a charitable man; and I'll take your word: my comfort is, I know not the Contents; and so far I am harmless. But on answer you shall have: though not for the sake of your Fifty Pieces more: I have sworn not to take them: they shall not be altogether Fifty. —— your Mistress, —— forgive me that I should call her your Mistress, I mean *Elvira*, lives but at next door. I'll visit her immediately: but not a word more of the Nine and forty Pieces.

Lor. Nay, I'll wait on you down Stairs. —— Fifty Pounds for the postage of a Letter! to send by the Church is certainly the dearest road in Christendom. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

Gomez, Elvira.

Gom. Henceforth I banish Flesh and Wine: I'll have none stirring within these walls these twelve months.

Elvira. I care not; the sooner I am starv'd the sooner I am rid of Wedlock. I shall learn the knack to fast a days; you have us'd me to fasting nights already.

Gom. How the Gipsey answers me! Oh, 'tis a most notorious Hilding!

Elvira. (*crying.*) But was ever poor innocent Creature so hardly dealt with, for a little harmless Chat?

Gom. Oh, the Impudence of this wicked Sex! Lascivious Dialogues are innocent with you!

Elvi. Was it such a Crime to enquire how the Battel pass'd?

Gom. But that was not the business, Gentlewoman; you were not asking News of a Battel past; you were engaging for a Skirmish that was to come.

Elvi. An honest Woman wou'd be glad to hear, that her Honour was safe, and her Enemies were slain.

Gom. in her tone. And to ask if he were wounded in your defence; and, in case he were, to offer your self to be his Chirurgeon. —— then, you did not describe your Husband to him, for a covetous, jealous, rich old Hunks.

Elvi. No, I need not: he describes himself sufficiently: but, in what Dream did I doe this?

Gom. You walk'd in your Sleep, with your Eyes broad open, at noon of day; and dream't you were talking to the foresaid purpose with one Colonel *Hernando*, ——

Elvi. Who, Dear Husband, who?

Gom.

Gom. What the Devil have I said? You would have farther Information, wou'd you?

Elvi. No, but, my dear little old man, tell me now, that I may avoid him for your sake. *Gom.*

Gom. Get you up into your Chamber, Cockatrice; and there immure your self: be confin'd, I say, during our Royal Pleasure: But, first, down on your marrow-bones, upon your Allegiance; and make an Acknowledgment of your Offences; for I will have ample Satisfaction. [*Pulls her down.*

Elvi. I have done you no Injury, and therefore I'll make you no Submission: But I'll complain to my Ghostly Father.

Gom. Ay; There's your Remedy: When you receive condign Punishment, you run with open Mouth to your Confessour: that parcel of holy Guts and Garbidge, he must chucle you and moan you: but I'll rid my hands of his Ghostly Authority one day, and make him know he's [*Enter* Dominic.] the Son of a ——— (*sees him.*) So; —— no sooner conjure, but the Devil's in the Circle.

Dom. Son of a what, Don *Gomez*?

Gomez. Why, a Son of a Church, I hope there's no harm in that, Father.

Dom. I will lay up your words for you till time shall serve: and to morrow I enjoyn you to Fast for Penance.

Gom. (*Aside.*) There's no harm in that; she shall fast too: Fasting saves Money.

Dom. to *Elvira*, what was the reason that I found you upon your Knees, in that unseemly posture?

Gom. (*Aside.*) O horrible! to find a woman upon her Knees, he says, is an unseemly posture; there's a Priest for you.

Elvi. to *Dom.* I wish, Father, you wou'd give me an opportunity of entertaining you in private: I have somewhat upon my Spirits that presses me exceedingly.

Dom. (*Aside.*) This goes well: *Gomez*, stand you at distance, ——farther yet,—— stand out of ear shot—— I have somewhat to say to your Wife in private.

Gomez, (*Aside.*) Was ever man thus Priest-ridden? wou'd the Steeple of his Church were in his Belly: I am sure there's room for it.

Elvi. I am asham'd to acknowledge my Infirmities; but you have been always an indulgent Father; and therefore I will venture, to—— and yet I dare not.——

Dom.

Dom. Nay if you are baſhfull;——if you keep your wound from the knowledge of your Surgeon;——

Elvi. You know my Husband is a man in years; but he's my Husband; and therefore I ſhall be ſilent: but his Humours are more intolerable than his Age: he's grown ſo froward, ſo covetous, and ſo jealous, that he has turn'd my heart quite from him; and, if I durſt confeſs it, has forc'd me to caſt my Affections on another man.

Dom. Good:——hold, hold; I meant abominable:—— pray Heaven this be my Colonel. [*Aſide.*

Elvi. I have ſeen this man, Father; and have incourag'd his Addreſſes: he's a young Gentleman, a Souldier, of a moſt winning Carriage; and what his Courtſhip may produce at laſt I know not; but I am afraid of my own frailty.

Dom. (aſide.) 'Tis he for certain:—ſhe has ſav'd the Credit of my Function, by ſpeaking firſt; now muſt I take Gravity upon me.

Gom. (aſide.) This whiſpering bodes me no good for certain; but he has me ſo plaguily under the laſh, that I dare not interrupt him.

Dom. Daughter, Daughter, do you remember your matrimonial Vow?

Elvi. Yes to my ſorrow, Father, I do remember it: a miſerable woman it has made me: but you know, Father, a Marriage-vow is but a thing of courſe, which all women take when they wou'd get a Husband.

Dom. A Vow is a very ſolemn thing: and 'tis good to keep it:——but, notwithſtanding, it may be broken, upon ſome occaſions.——Have you ſtriven with all your might againſt this frailty?

Elvi. Yes, I have ſtriven; but I found it was againſt the Stream. Love, you know, Father, is a great Vow-maker; but he's a greater Vow-breaker.

Dom. 'Tis your Duty to ſtrive always: but notwithſtanding, when we have done our utmoſt, it extenuates the Sin.

Gom. I can hold no longer.——Now, Gentlewoman, you are confeſſing your Enormities; I know it by that hypocritical, down-caſt Look: enjoin her to ſit bare upon a Bed of Nettles, Father; you can doe no leſs in Conſcience.

Dom. Hold your peace; are you growing malapert? will you force me to make uſe of my Authority? your Wife's a well diſpos'd and a vertuous Lady; I ſay it, *In verbo Sacerdotis.*

Elvi. I know not what to doe, Father; I find my ſelf in a moſt deſperate Condition; and ſo is the Colonel for Love of me.

Dom. The Colonel, ſay you! I wiſh it be not the ſame young Gentleman I know: 'Tis a gallant young man, I muſt confeſs, worthy of any Lady's love in Chriſtendom; in a lawfull way I mean; of ſuch a charming behaviour, ſo bewitching to a Woman's eye; and furthermore, ſo charitably given; by all good tokens, this muſt be my Colonel *Hernando.*

Elvi. Ay, and my Colonel too, Father: I am overjoy'd; and are you then acquainted with him?

Dom. Acquainted with him! why, he haunts me up and down: and, I am afraid, it is for love of you: for he preſs'd a Letter upon me, within this hour, to deliver to you: I confeſs I receiv'd it, leſt he ſhould ſend it by ſome other; but with full reſolution never to put it into your hands.

Elvi. Oh, dear Father, let me have it, or I ſhall dye.

Gom. (Whiſpering ſtill.) A Pox of your cloſe Committee! I'll liſten I'm reſolv'd: *(ſteals nearer.)*

Dom. Nay, If you are obſtinately bent to ſee it,—uſe your diſcretion; but for my part, I waſh my hands on't.—what make you liſtning there? get farther of; I preach not to thee, thou wicked Eves-dropper.

Elvi. I'll kneel down, Father, as if I were taking Abſolution, if you'll but pleaſe to ſtand before me.

Dom. At your peril be it then. I have told you the ill Conſequences; *& liberavi animam meam.*——Your Reputation is in danger, to ſay nothing of your Soul. Notwithſtanding, when the Spiritual means have been apply'd, and fail: in that caſe the Carnal may be us'd.———You are a tender Child, you are; and muſt not be put into Deſpair: your Heart is as ſoft and melting as your Hand. *{He ſtrokes her face; takes her by the hand; and gives the Letter.*

Gom. Hold, hold, Father; you go beyond your Commiſſion: Palming is always held foul play amongſt Gameſters.

Dom. Thus good Intentions are miſconſtrued by wicked men: you will never be warn'd till you are excommunicate.

Gom. (Aſide.) Ah, Devil on him; there's his hold! If there were no more in Excommunication than the Church's Cenſure, a Wiſe man wou'd lick his Conſcience whole with a wet Finger: but, if I am excommunicate, I am outlaw'd; and then there's no calling in my Money.

Elvira,

Elvira, (rising). I have read the Note, Father, and will ſend him an Anſwer immediately; for I know his Lodgings by his Letter.

Dom. I underſtand it not, for my part; but I wiſh your Intentions be honeſt. Remember, that Adultery, though it be a ſilent Sin, yet it is a crying Sin alſo. Nevertheleſs, if you believe abſolutely he will dye, unleſs you pity him; to ſave a man's Life is a point of Charity; and actions of Charity do alleviate, as I may ſay, and take off from the Mortality of the Sin. Farewell, Daughter.——*Gomez*, cheriſh your vertuous Wife; and thereupon I give you my Benediction: *(going.)*

Gom. Stay; I'll conduct you to the door,——that I may be ſure you ſteal nothing by the way.——Fryars wear not their long Sleeves for nothing.——Oh, 'tis a *Judas Iſcariot.*

[*Exit, after the Fryar.*

Elvi. This Fryar is a comfortable man! He will underſtand nothing of the Buſineſs; and yet does it all.

Pray, Wives and Virgins, at your time of need,
For a True Guide, of my Good Father's breed.

[Exit *Elvira.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Lorenzo, *in Fryars habit, meeting* Dominic.

Lor. FAther *Dominic*, Father *Dominic*; Why in ſuch haſte man?

Dom. It ſhou'd ſeem a brother of our Order.

Lor. No, Faith, I am onely your brother in Iniquity: my holineſs, like yours, is mere out-ſide.

Dom. What! my noble Colonel in Metamorphoſis! On what occaſion are you transform'd?

Lor. Love; Almighty Love; that which turn'd *Jupiter* into a Town-bull, has transform'd me into a Fryar: I have had a Letter from *Elvira*, in anſwer to that I ſent by you.

Dom. You ſee I have deliver'd my Meſſage faithfully: I am a Fryar of Honour where I am engag'd.

Lor. O, I underſtand your Hint: the other Fifty pieces are ready to be condemn'd to Charity.

Dom. But this Habit, Son, this Habit!

Lor. 'Tis a Habit that in all Ages has been friendly to Fornication: You have begun the Deſign in this Cloathing, and I'll try to accompliſh it. The Husband is abſent; that evil Counſellour is remov'd; and the Sovereign is gratiouſly diſpos'd to hear my grievances.

Dom. Go to, go to; I find good Counſel is but thrown away upon you: Fare you well, fare you well, Son! ah———

Lor. How! Will you turn Recreant at the laſt caſt? You muſt along to countenance my undertaking: We are at the door man.

Dom. Well, I have thought on't; and I will not go.

Lor. You may ſtay, Father; but no Fifty pounds without it: that was onely promis'd in the Bond: But the Condition of this Obligation is ſuch, That if the above named Father, Father *Dominic*, do not well and faithfully perform———

Dom. Now I better think on't, I will bear you company; for the Reverence of my Preſence may be a curb to your Exorbitancies.

Lor. Lead up your Myrmidon, and enter

Enter Elvira, *in her Chamber.*

Elvi. He'll come, that's certain: young Appetites are ſharp; and ſeldom need twice bidding to ſuch a Banquet; ——— well; if I prove frail, as I hope I ſhall not, till I have compaſs'd my Deſign; never Woman had ſuch a Husband to provoke her, ſuch a Lover to allure her, or ſuch a Confeſſour to abſolve her. Of what am I afraid then? not my Conſcience, that's ſafe enough; my Ghoſtly Father has given me a Doſe of Church Opium, to lull it: well, for ſoothing Sin, I'll ſay that for him, he's a Chaplain for any Court in Chriſtendom.

Enter Lorenzo *and* Dominic.

O, Father *Dominic*, what News? How, a Companion with you! What Game have you in hand, that you hunt in Couples?

Lor. (lifting up his hood:) I'll ſhew you that immediately.

Elvi. O, my Love!

Lor. My Life!

Elvi. My Soul! *(They embrace.)*

Dom. I am taken on the ſudden with a grievous ſwimming in my Head, and ſuch a miſt before my Eyes, that I can neither hear nor ſee.

Elvi. Stay, and I'll fetch you ſome comfortable Water.

Dom. No, no; nothing but the open Air will doe me good. I'll take

take a turn in your Garden: but remember that I trust you both, and do not wrong my good opinion of you. [*Exit* Dominic.

Elvi. This is certainly the dust of Gold which you have thrown in the good man's eyes, that on the sudden he cannot see: for my mind misgives me, this Sickness of his is but Apocryphal!

Lor. 'Tis no Qualm of Conscience I'll be sworn: you see, Madam, 'tis Interest governs all the World: he preaches against Sin; why? because he gets by't: he holds his Tongue; why? because so much more is bidden for his silence.

Elvi. And so much for the Fryar.

Lor. Oh, those Eyes of yours reproach me justly: that I neglect the Subject which brought me hither.

Elvi. Do you consider the hazard I have run to see you here? if you do, methinks it shou'd inform you, that I love not at a common rate.

Lor. Nay, if you talk of considering, let us consider why we are alone. Do you think the Fryar left us together to tell Beads? Love is a kind of penurious God, very niggardly of his opportunities, he must be watch'd like a hard hearted Treasurer, for he bolts out of the sudden, and if you take him not in the nick, he vanishes in a twinkling.

Elvi. Why do you make such haste to have done loving me? You Men are all like Watches, wound up for striking twelve immediately; but, after you are satisfied, the very next that follows is the solitary sound of single one.

Lor. How, Madam! Do you invite me to a Feast, and then preach Abstinence?

Elvi. No, I invite you to a Feast where the Dishes are serv'd up in order: you are for making a hasty meal, and for chopping up your entertainment, like an hungry Clown: trust my management, good Colonel; and call not for your Dessert too soon: believe me, that which comes last, as it is the sweetest, so it cloies the soonest.

Lor. I perceive, Madam, by your holding me at this distance, that there is somewhat you expect from me: what am I to undertake or suffer e'er I can be happy?

Elvi. I must first be satisfied that you love me.

Lor. By all that's holy: By these dear Eyes.

Elvi. Spare your Oaths and Protestations; I know you Gallants of the time have a mint at your tongues end to coin them.

Lor. You know you cannot marry me: but, By heavens, if you were in a condition.

Elvi.

Elvi. Then you would not be ſo prodigal of your Promiſes, but have the Fear of Matrimony before your eyes: in few words, if you love me, as you profeſs, deliver me from this Bondage, take me out of *Egypt*, and I'll wander with you as far as Earth, and Seas, and Love can carry us.

Lor. I never was out at a mad Frolick, though this is the maddeſt I ever undertook; have with you, Lady mine; I take you at your word; and, if you are for a merry Jaunt, I'll try for once who can foot it fartheſt: there are Hedges in Summer, and Barns in Winter to be found: I, with my Knapſack, and you, with your Bottle at your back: we'll leave Honour to Madmen, and Riches to Knaves; and travell till we come to the Ridge of the World, and then drop together into the next.

Elvira, Give me your Hand, and ſtrike a Bargain.

[*He takes her Hand, and kiſſes it.*

Lor. In ſign and token whereof the Parties interchangeably, and ſo forth—when ſhould I be weary of Sealing upon this Soft-wax?

Elvira, O, Heavens! I hear my Husband's voice.

Enter Gomez.

Gom. Where are you, Gentlewoman? there's ſomething in the wind I'm ſure, becauſe your Woman would have run up Stairs before me: but I have ſecur'd her below with a Gag in her Chaps—now, in the Devil's name, what makes this Fryar here again? I do not like theſe frequent Conjunctions of the Fleſh and Spirit; they are boding.

Elvi. Go hence, good Father; my Husband you ſee is in an ill humour; and I would not have you witneſs of his folly.

[Lorenzo *going.*

Gomez, (*running to the door,*) By your Reverence's favour, hold a little, I muſt examine you ſomething better before you go: Hi-day! who have we here? Father *Dominic* is ſhrunk in the wetting two yards and a half about the Belly: what are become of thoſe two Timber-loggs that he us'd to wear for Legs, that ſtood ſtrutting like the two black Poſts before a door? I am afraid ſome bad body has been ſetting him over a Fire in a great Cauldron, and boil'd him down half the quantity for a Receipt: this is no Father *Dominic*, no huge, over grown Abbey-lubber; this is but a diminutive ſucking Fryar: as ſure as a Gun now, Father *Dominic* has been ſpawning this young, ſlender Anti-chriſt.

Elvi. (*aſide*) He will be found; there's no prevention.

Gomez, Why does he not ſpeak? What! Is the Fryar poſſeſs'd with

with a dumb Devil? If he be, I ſhall make bold to conjure him.

Elvi. He's but a Novice in his Order, and is injoin'd Silence for a Penance.

Gomez, A Novice, quoth a; You would make a Novice of me too, if you could: but, what was his buſineſs here? Anſwer me that, Gentlewoman, anſwer me that.

Elvira, What ſhou'd it be, but to give me ſome Spiritual Inſtructions?

Gom. Very good; and you are like to edifie much from a dumb Preacher; this will not paſs; I muſt examine the Contents of him a little cloſer; O thou Confeſſor! confeſs who thou art, or thou art no Fryar of this World:

He comes to Lorenzo, *who ſtruggles with him; his habit flies open, and diſcovers a Sword:* Gomez *ſtarts back.*

As I live, this is a manifeſt member of the Church militant.

Lor. (Aſide.) I am diſcover'd; now Impudence be my Refuge——Yes, Faith'tis I, honeſt *Gomez*; thou ſeeſt I uſe thee like a Friend; this is a familiar Viſit.

Gom. What! Colonel *Hernando* turned a Fryar! who could have ſuſpected you for ſo much Godlineſs?

Lor. E'en as thou ſeeſt, I make bold here.

Gom. A very frank manner of proceeding; but I do not wonder at your Viſit, after ſo friendly an Invitation as I made you; marry I hope you will excuſe the Blunderbuſſes for not being in readineſs to ſalute you; but let me know your hour, and all ſhall be mended another time.

Lor. Hang it; I hate ſuch ripping up of old unkindneſs; I was upon the frolick this evening, and came to viſit thee in Maſquerade.

Gom. Very likely; and not finding me at home, you were forc'd to toy away an hour with my Wife, or ſo.

Lor. Right: Thou ſpeakeſt my very Soul.

Gom. Why, am not I a Friend then, to help you out? you wou'd have been fumbling half an hour for this excuſe——but, as I remember, you promis'd to ſtorm my Citadel, and bring your Regiment of Red Locuſts upon me for Free quarter: I find, Colonel, by your Habit, there are black Locuſts in the World as well as Red.

Elvi. (*aſide.*) When comes my ſhare of the reckoning to be call'd for?

Lorenzo,

Lor. Give me thy Hand; Thou art the honeſteſt, kind man; I was reſolv'd I wou'd not out of thy houſe till I had ſeen thee.

Gom. No, in my Conſcience, if I had ſtaid abroad till midnight. But, Colonel, you and I ſhall talk in another tone hereafter; I mean, in cold friendſhip, at a Bar, before a Judge, by the way of Plaintiff and Defendant: your Excuſes want ſome grains to make 'em current: hum and ha will not doe the buſineſs——there's a modeſt Lady of your acquaintance, ſhe has ſo much Grace to make none at all, but ſilently to confeſs the Power of Dame Nature working in her Body to Youthfull Appetite.

Elvi. How he got in I know not, unleſs it were by virtue of his Habit.

Gom. Ai, ai, the Vertues of that Habit are known abundantly.

Elvi. I cou'd not hinder his entrance, for he took me unprovided.

Gom. To reſiſt him.

Elvi. I'm ſure he has not been here above a quarter of an hour.

Gom. And a quarter of that time wou'd have ſerv'd the turn: O thou epitome of thy vertuous Sex! Madam *Meſſalina* the Second, retire to thy Appartment: I have an Aſſignation there to make with thee.

Elvi. I am all Obedience—— [*Exit* Elvira.

Lor. I find, *Gomez*, you are not the man I thought you: we may meet before we come to the Bar, we may and our Differences may be decided by other Weapons than by Lawyers tongues; in the mean time, no ill treatment of your Wife, as you hope to dye a natural death, and go to Hell in your Bed: *Bilbo* is the word, remember that, and tremble—— [*He's going out.*

Enter Dominic.

Dom. Where is this naughty Couple? where are you in the name of Goodneſs? my mind miſgave me; and I durſt truſt you no longer with your ſelves; here will be fine work, I'm afraid, at your next confeſſion.

Lor. (*aſide*) The Devil is punctual, I ſee, he has paid me the ſhame he ow'd me; and now the Fryar is coming in for his part too.

Dom. (*Seeing Gom.*) Bleſs my Eyes? what do I ſee?

Gom. Why; you ſee a Cuckold of this honeſt Gentleman's making: I thank him for his pains.

Dom. I confeſs I am aſtoniſh'd!

Gom. What, at a Cuckoldom of your own contrivance! your Head-piece and his Limbs have done my buſineſs.——Nay, do not look ſo ſtrangely, remember your own words, Here will be fine

fine work at your next Confeſſion? What naughty Couple were they whom you durſt not truſt together any longer? when the hypocritical Rogue had truſted 'em a full quarter of an hour; and by the way, horns will ſprout in leſs time than Muſhrooms.

Dom. Beware how you accuſe one of my Order upon light ſuſpicions: the naughty Couple that I mean, were your Wife and you, whom I left together with great Animoſities on both ſides: now, that was the occaſion, mark me *Gomez*, that I thought it convenient to return again, and not to truſt your enraged Spirits too long together: you might have broken out into Revilings and matrimonial Warfare, which are Sins; and new Sins make work for new Confeſſions.

Lor. (Aſide) Well ſaid, I faith, Fryar; thou art come off thy ſelf, but poor I am left in Limbo.

Gom. Angle in ſome other Ford, good Father, you ſhall catch no Gudgeons here: look upon the Priſoner at the Bar, Fryar, and inform the Court what you know concerning him; he is arraign'd here by the name of Colonel *Hernando.*

Dom. What Colonel do you mean, *Gomez*? I ſee no man, but a Reverend Brother of our Order, whoſe Profeſſion I honour, but whoſe perſon I know not, as I hope for Paradiſe.

Gom. No, you are not acquainted with him, the more's the pity; you do not know him, under this Diſguiſe, for the greateſt Cuckold-maker in all *Spain.*

Dom. O Impudence! O Rogue! O Vilain! Nay, if he be ſuch a man, my Righteous Spirit riſes at him! Does he put on Holy Garments for a cover-ſhame of lewdneſs?

Gom. Yes, and he's in the right on't, Father; when a ſwindging Sin is to be committed, nothing will cover it ſo cloſe as a Fryar's Hood; for there the Devil plays at Bo-peep, puts out his Horns to doe a miſchief, and then ſhrinks 'em back for ſafety, like a Snail into her ſhell.

Lor. (Aſide.) It's beſt marching off while I can retreat with Honour; there's no truſting this Fryar's Conſcience; he has renounc'd me already more heartily than e'er he did the Devil, and is in a fair way to proſecute me for putting on the Holy Robes: this is the old Church trick, the Clergy is ever at the bottom of the Plot, but they are wiſe enough to ſlip their own Necks out of the Coller, and leave the Laity to be fairly hang'd for it——

[*Exit* Lorenzo.

Gom. Follow your Leader, Fryar; your Colonel is troop'd off,

but he had not gone easily, if I durst have trusted you in the house behind me; gather up your gouty Legs, I say, and rid my house of that huge Body of divinity.

Dom. I expect some Judgement shou'd fall upon you for your want of Reverence to your Spiritual Director: Slander, Covetousness, and Jealousie, will weigh thee down.

Gom. Put Pride, Hypocrisie, and Gluttony, into your Scale, Father, and you shall weigh against me: nay, and Sins come to be divided once, the Clergy puts in for nine parts, and scarce leaves the Laity a tythe.

Dom. How dareſt thou reproach the Tribe of *Levi*?

Gomez. Marry, because you make us Lay men of the Tribe of *Issachar*: you make Asses of us, to bear your burthens: when we are young, you put Paniers upon us, with your Church discipline; and, when we are grown up, you load us with a Wife: after that, you procure for other men, and then you load our Wives too; a fine phrase you have amongst you to draw us into Marriage, you call it Settling of a man; just as when a fellow has got a sound Knock upon the head, they say he's settled: Marriage is a Settling blow indeed. They say every thing in the World is good for something, as a Toad, to suck up the Venom of the Earth; but I never knew what a Fryar was good for till your Limping shew'd me.

Dom. Thou shalt answer for this, thou Slanderer, thy offences be upon thy head.

Gom. I believe there are some offences there of your planning,

[*Exit* Dominic.

Lord, Lord, that men should have sense enough to set Snares in their Warrens to catch Pol-cats, and Foxes, and yet——

Want wit a Priest-trap at their door to lay,
For holy Vermin that in houses prey. [*Exit* Gomez.

SCENE, *A Bed-Chamber.*

Queen, Teresa.

Ter. You are not what you were since yesterday:
Your food forsakes you and your needfull rest:
You pine, you languish, love to be alone,
Think much, speak little; and, in speaking, sigh.
When you see *Torrismond*, you are unquiet;
But when you see him not, you are in pain.

Queen,

Queen. O, let 'em never love, who never try'd!
They brought a Paper to me to be sign'd;
Thinking on him, I quite forgot my name;
And writ, for *Leonora*, *Torrismond*.
I went to bed, and to my self I thought,
That I wou'd think on *Torrismond* no more;
Then shut my Eyes; but cou'd not shut out him.
I turn'd; and try'd each corner of my Bed,
To find if Sleep were there, but Sleep was lost.
Fev'rish, for want of Rest, I rise, and walk'd;
And, by the Moon-shine, to the Windows went;
There, thinking to exclude him from my thoughts,
I cast my eyes upon the neighbouring fields,
And, e'er I was aware, sigh'd to my self,
There fought my *Torrismond*.

Ter. What hinders you to take the Man you love?
The People will be glad, the Souldiers shout;
And *Bertran*, though repining, will be aw'd.

Qu. I fear to try new Love,
As boys to venture on the unknown Ice,
That crackles underneath 'em, while they slide.
Oh, how shall I describe this growing ill!
Betwixt my Doubt and Love, methinks, I stand
Alt'ring, like one that waits an Ague fit;
And yet wou'd this were all!

Ter. What fear you more?

Qu. I am asham'd to say, 'tis but a fancy.
At break of day, when Dreams, they say, are true,
A drowzie slumber, rather than a sleep,
Seiz'd on my Senses, with longing Watching worn.
Methought I stood on a wide River's Bank,
Which I must needs o'erpass, but knew not how:
When on a sudden *Torrismond* appear'd,
Gave me his hand, and led me lightly o'er;
Leaping and bounding on the Billows heads,
Till safely we had reach'd the farther shore.

Ter. This Dream portends some ill which you shall scape.
Wou'd you see fairer Visions? Take this night
Your *Torrismond* within your Armes to sleep:
And, to that end, invent some apt pretence
To break with *Bertran*: 'twould be better yet,

Cou'd you provoke him to give you th' occaſion,
And then to throw him off.

Enter Bertran *at a diſtance.*

Qu. My Stars have ſent him:
For, ſee, he comes: how gloomily he looks!
If he, as I ſuſpect, have found my Love,
His Jealouſie will furniſh him with Fury,
And me with means to part.

Bertr. (Aſide.) Shall I upbraid her? Shall I call her falſe?
If ſhe be falſe, 'tis what ſhe moſt deſires.
My Genius whiſpers me, Be cautious, *Bertran!*
Thou walk'ſt as on a narrow mountain's neck,
A dreadfull height, with ſcanty room to tread.

Qu. What Buſ'neſs have you at the Court, my Lord?

Bertr. What Buſ'neſs, *Madam?*

Qu. Yes, my Lord, What Buſ'neſs?
'Tis ſomewhat ſure of weighty conſequence
That brings you here ſo often, and unſent for.

Bertr. (Aſide.) 'Tis what I fear'd, her words are cold enough
To freeze a man to death.—May I preſume
To ſpeak, and to complain?

Qu. They who complain to Princes think 'em tame:
What Bull dare bellow, or, what Sheep dares bleat,
Within the Lion's den?

Bertr. Yet men are ſuffer'd to put Heav'n in mind
Of promis'd Bleſſings, for they then are Debts.

Qu. My Lord, Heav'n knows its own time when to give;
But you, it ſeems, charge me with Breach of Faith.

Bert. I hope I need not, Madam:
But as when men in Sickneſs lingring lye,
They count the tedious hours by months and years;
So every day deferr'd to Dying Lovers
Is a whole Age of pain.

Qu. What if I ne'er conſent to make you mine?
My Father's Promiſe ties me not to time;
And Bonds, without a Date, they ſay, are void.

Bert. Far be it from me to believe you bound:
Love is the freeſt motion of our minds:
O, cou'd you ſee into my ſecret Soul,
There you might read your own Dominion doubled,
Both as a Queen and Miſtreſs: if you leave me,
Know I can dye, but dare not be diſpleas'd.

Qu.

Qu. Sure you affect Stupidity, my Lord,
Or give me cauſe to think that when you loſt
Three Battels to the *Moors*, you coldly ſtood
As unconcern'd as now.
Bert. I did my beſt;
Fate was not in my power.
Qu. And with the like tame Gravity you ſaw
A raw young Warrier take your baſled work
And end it at a blow.
Bert. I humbly take my leave; but they who blaſt
Your good opinion of me, may have cauſe
To know I am no Coward. [*He is going.*
Qu. Bertran, ſtay;
(*Aſide*) This may produce ſome diſmal conſequence
To him whom dearer than my Life I love.
To him. Have not manag'd my contrivance well,
To try your Love, and make you doubt of mine?
Bert. Then was it but a Tryal?
Methinks I ſtart as from ſome dreadfull Dream;
And often ask my ſelf, if yet I wake.
(*Aſide.*) This turns too quick to be without Deſign;
I'll ſound the bottom of't e'er I believe.
Qu. I find your Love; and wou'd reward it too,
But anxious Fears ſolicit my weak breaſt:
I fear my People's Faith:
That hot mouth'd Beaſt that bears againſt the Curb,
Hard to be broken even by lawfull Kings;
But harder by Uſurpers:
Judge then, my Lord, with all theſe Cares oppreſt,
If I can think of Love.
Bert. Believe me, Madam,
Theſe Jealouſies, how-ever large they ſpread,
Have but one Root, the old, impriſon'd King;
Whoſe Lenity firſt pleas'd the gaping Crowd:
But when long try'd, and found ſupinely good,
Like *Æſop*'s Logg, they leapt upon his Back:
Your Father knew 'em well; and when he mounted,
He rein'd 'em ſtrongly and he ſpurr'd them hard;
And, but he durſt not doe it all at once,
He had not left alive this patient Saint,
This Anvil of Affronts, but ſent him hence,

To

To hold a peacefull Branch of Palm above,
And hymn it in the Quire.

Qu. You've hit upon the very String, which touch'd,
Echoes the Sound and Jars within my Soul;
There lies my Grief.

Bertr. So long as there's a Head,
Thither will all the mounting Spirits fly;
Lop that but off; and then———

Qu. My Vertue ſhrinks from ſuch an horrid Act.

Bertr. This 'tis to have a Vertue out of ſeaſon.
Mercy is good; a very good dull Vertue;
But Kings miſtake its timeing; and are mild,
When manly Courage bids 'em be ſevere:
Better be cruel once than anxious ever:
Remove this threatning danger from your Crown;
And then ſecurely take the man you love.

Qu. (*walking aſide.*) Ha! let me think of that: the Man I love;
'Tis true, this Murther is the onely means
That can ſecure my Throne to *Torriſmond*.
Nay more, this Execution done by *Bertran*,
Makes him the Object of the Peoples Hate.

Ber. (*aſide.*) The more ſhe thinks, 'twill work the ſtronger in her.

Qu. (*Aſide.*) How eloquent is Miſchief to perſuade!
Few are ſo wicked as to take delight
In Crimes unprofitable, nor do I;
If then I break divine and humane Laws,
No Bribe but Love cou'd gain ſo bad a Cauſe.

Bertr. You anſwer nothing!

Qu. 'Tis of deep Concernment,
And I a Woman ignorant and weak:
I leave it all to you, think what you doe,
You doe for him I love.

Bertr. (*Aſide.*) For him ſhe loves?
She nam'd not me: that may be *Torriſmond*,
Whom ſhe has thrice in private ſeen this day:
Then I am fairly caught in my own Snare.
I'll think again——Madam, it ſhall be done;
And mine be all the blame. [*Exit* Bertr.

Qu. O, that it were! I wou'd not doe this Crime,
And yet, like Heaven, permit it to be done.
The Prieſthood groſly cheat us with Free-will:

Will

Will to doe what, but what Heaven first decreed?
Our Actions then are neither good nor ill,
Since from eternal Causes they proceed:
Our Passions, Fear and Anger, Love and Hate,
Mere senseless Engins that are mov'd by Fate;
Like Ships on stormy Seas, without a Guide,
Tost by the Winds, and driven by the Tyde.

Enter Torrismond.

Tor. Am I not rudely bold, and press too often
Into your presence, Madam? If I am———
Qu. No more; lest I shou'd chide you for your stay:
Where have you been? and, How cou'd you suppose
That I cou'd live these two long hours without you?
Tor. O, words to charm an Angel from his orb!
Welcome, as kindly Showres to long parch'd Earth!
But I have been in such a dismal place
Where Joy ne'er enters, which the Sun ne'er cheers:
Bound in with Darkness, over-spread with Damps:
Where I have seen (if I cou'd say, I saw)
The good old King majestick in his Bonds,
And midst his Griefs most venerably great:
By a dim winking Lamp, which feebly broke
The gloomy Vapors, he lay stretch'd along
Upon the unwholesome Earth; his Eyes fix'd upward:
And ever and anon a silent Tear
Stole down and trickl'd from his hoary Beard.
Qu. O Heaven, what have I done! my gentle Love,
Here end thy sad discourse, and, for my sake,
Cast off these fearfull melancholy thoughts.
Tor. My Heart is wither'd at that piteous Sight,
As early Blossoms are with Eastern blasts:
He sent for me, and, while I rais'd his Head,
He threw his aged Armes about my Neck;
And, seeing that I wept, he press'd me close:
So, leaning Cheek to Cheek and Eyes to Eyes,
We mingled Tears in a dumb Scene of Sorrow.
Qu. Forbear: you know not how you wound my Soul.
Tor. Can you have Grief, and not have Pity too?
He told me, when my Father did return,
He had a wondrous Secret to disclose:
He kiss'd me, bless'd me, nay, he call'd me Son;

He prais'd my Courage, pray'd for my Succeſs:
He was ſo true a Father of his Countrey,
To thank me for defending e'en his Foes,
Becauſe they were his Subjects.

Qu. If they be; then what am I?

Tor. The Sovereign of my Soul, my Earthly Heaven.

Qu. And not your Queen?

Tor. You are ſo beautifull,
So wondrous fair, you juſtify Rebellion:
As if that faultleſs Face could make no Sin,
But Heaven, with looking on it, muſt forgive.

Qu. The King muſt dye, he muſt, my *Torriſmond*;
Though Pity ſoftly plead within my Soul,
Yet he muſt dye, that I may make you great,
And give a Crown in dowry with my Love.

Tor. Periſh that Crown——on any Head but yours;——
O, recollect your Thoughts!
Shake not his Hour-glaſs, when his haſty Sand
Is ebbing to the laſt:
A little longer, yet a little longer,
And Nature drops him down, without your Sin,
Like mellow Fruit, without a Winter Storm.

Qu. Let me but doe this one Injuſtice more:
His Doom is paſt; and, for your ſake, he dyes.

Tor. Wou'd you, for me, have done ſo ill an Act,
And will not doe a good one?
Now, by your Joys on Earth, your Hopes in Heaven,
O ſpare this Great, this Good, this Aged King;
And ſpare your Soul the Crime!

Qu. The Crime's not mine;
Twas firſt propos'd, and muſt be done, by *Bertran*,
Fed with falſe hopes to gain my Crown and Me:
I, to inhance his Ruine, gave no leave;
But barely bad him think, and then reſolve.

Tor. In not forbidding, you command the Crime;
Think, timely think, on the laſt dreadfull day;
How will you tremble there to ſtand expos'd,
And formoſt in the rank of guilty Ghoſts
That muſt be doom'd for Murther; think on Murther:
That Troop is plac'd apart from common Crimes,
The damn'd themſelves ſtart wide, and ſhun that Band,

As far more black and more forlorn than they.

Qu. 'Tis terrible, it shakes, it staggers me;
I knew this Truth, but I repell'd that Thought;
Sure there is none but fears a future state;
And, when the most obdurate swear they do not,
Their Trembling Hearts belye their boasting Tongues.

Enter Teresa.

Send speedily to *Bertran*; charge him strictly
Not to proceed, but wait my farther Pleasure.

Ter. Madam, he sends to tell you, 'Tis perform'd.

[*Exit* Teresa.

Tor. Ten thousand Plagues consume him, Furies drag him,
Fiends tear him; Blasted be the Arme that strook,
The Tongue that order'd;——Onely She be spar'd
That hindred not the Deed. O, where was then
The Power that guards the Sacred Lives of Kings?
Why slept the Lightning and the Thunder-bolts,
Or beat their Idle rage on Fields and Trees,
When Vengeance call'd 'em here?

Qu. Sleep that Thought too,
'Tis done, and since 'tis done, 'tis past recall:
And since 'tis past recall, must be forgotten;

Tor. O, never, never, shall it be forgotten.
High Heaven will not forget it, after Ages
Shall with a fearfull Curse remember ours;
And Bloud shall never leave the Nation more!

Qu. His Body shall be Royally interr'd,
And the last Funeral Pomps adorn his Hearse;
I will my self (as I have cause too just)
Be the chief Mourner at his Obsequies:
And yearly fix on the revolving day
The solemn marks of Mourning, to attone
And expiate my Offences.

Tor. Nothing can,
But Bloudy Vengeance on that Traitour's Head,
Which, dear departed Spirit, here I vow.

Qu. Here end our Sorrows, and begin our Joys:
Love calls my *Torrismond*; though Hate has rag'd
And rul'd the day, yet Love will rule the night.
The spitefull Stars have shed their Venom down,
And now the peacefull Planets take their turn.

This Deed of *Bertram*'s has remov'd all Fears,
And giv'n me juſt occaſion to refuſe him.
What hinders now, but that the holy Prieſt
In ſecret joyn our mutual Vows? and then
This night, this happy night, is yours and mine.

Tor. Be ſtill my Sorrows; and be loud my Joys.
Fly to the utmoſt Circles of the Sea
Thou furious Tempeſt that has toſt my mind,
And leave no thought, but *Leonora*, there.——
What's this I feel aboding in my Soul?
As if this day were fatal; be it ſo;
Fate ſhall but have the Leavings of my love:
My Joys are gloomy, but withall are great;
The Lion, though he ſee the Toils are ſet,
Yet, pinch'd with raging Hunger, ſcowrs away,
Hunts in the Face of Danger all the day;
At night, with ſullen pleaſure, grumbles o'er his Prey.

[*Exeunt ambo.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Before* Gomez *his Door.*

Enter Lorenzo, Dominic, *and two Souldiers at a diſtance.*

Dom. I'LL not wag an ace farther: The whole World ſhall not bribe me to it; for my Conſcience will digeſt theſe groſs Enormities no longer.

Lor. How, thy Conſcience not digeſt 'em! There's ne'er a Fryar in *Spain* can ſhew a Conſcience that comes near it for Digeſtion: it digeſted Pimping when I ſent thee with my Letter: and it digeſted Perjury when thou ſwor'ſt thou didſt not know me: I'm ſure it has digeſted me Fifty pound of as hard Gold as is in all *Barbary*: Prithy, why ſhouldſt thou diſcourage Fornication, when thou knoweſt thou loveſt a ſweet young Girl?

Dom. Away, away; I do not love 'em;——phau; no,——*ſpits.* I do not love a pretty Girl;——you are ſo waggiſh;——*ſpits again.*

Lor. Why, thy mouth waters at the very mention of them.

Dom. You take a mighty pleaſure in Defamation, Colonel; but I wonder what you find in running reſtleſs up and down, breaking your Brains, empting your Purſe, and wearing out your Body with hunting after unlawfull Game.

Lor.

Lor. Why there's the Satisfaction on't.

Dom. This Incontinency may proceed to Adultery, and Adultery to Murther, and Murther to Hanging; and there's the Satisfaction on't.

Lor. I'll not hang alone, Fryar; I'm resolv'd to peach thee before thy Superiours for what thou hast done already.

Dom. I'm resolv'd to forswear it if you doe: Let me advise you better, Colonel, than to accuse a Church-man to a Churchman: in the common Cause we are all of a piece; we hang together.

Lor. (Aside.) If you don't, it were no matter if you did.

Dom. Nay, if you talk of Peaching, I'll peach first, and see whose Oath will be believ'd; I'll trounce you for offering to corrupt my Honesty, and bribe my Conscience: you shall be summon'd by an host of Paratours; you shall be sentenc'd in the Spiritual Court; you shall be excommunicated; you shall be outlaw'd;——and——

{ *Here* Lorenzo *takes a Purse, and plaies with it, and, at last, lets the Purse fall chinking on the ground; which the Fryar eyes.*

In another tone. I say a man might doe this now, if he were maliciously dispos'd, and had a mind to bring matters to extremity; but, considering that you are my Friend, a Person of Honour, and a worthy good charitable Man, I wou'd rather dye a thousand deaths than disoblige you.

{ Lorenzo *takes up the Purse, and pours it into the* Fryar's *sleeve.*

Nay, Good Sir; nay, Dear Colonel; O Lord, Sir, what are you doing now: I profess this must not be: without this I wou'd have serv'd you to the uttermost; pray command me: a jealous foul-mouth'd Rogue this *Gomez* is: I saw how he us'd you, and you mark'd how he us'd me too: O he's a bitter man; but we'll join our Forces; ah, shall we, Colonel? we'll be reveng'd on him with a witness.

Lor. But how shall I send her word to be ready at the door, (for I must reveal it in Confession to you,) that I mean to carry her away this Evening, by the help of these two Souldiers? I know *Gomez* suspects you, and you will hardly gain admittance.

Dom. Let me alone; I fear him not; I am arm'd with the Authority of my cloathing; yonder I see him keeping Centry at

his door: have you never ſeen a Citizen, in a cold morning, clapping his ſides, and walking forward and backward a mighty pace before his Shop? but I'll gain the Paſs in ſpight of his ſuſpicion; ſtand you aſide, and do but mark how I accoſt him.

Lor. If he meet with a repulſe, we muſt throw off the Foxe's skin, and put on the Lion's; come, Gentlemen, you'll ſtand by me.

Souldier, Do not doubt us, Colonel.

{ *They retire all three to a corner of the Stage*, Dominic *goes to the door where* Gomez *ſtands.*

Dom. Good Even *Gomez*, how does your Wife?

Gom. Juſt as you wou'd have her, thinking on nothing, but her dear Colonel, and conſpiring Cuckoldom againſt me.

Dom. I dare ſay you wrong her, ſhe is employing her thoughts how to cure you of your Jealouſie.

Gom. Yes, by Certainty.

Dom. By your leave, *Gomez*; I have ſome Spiritual Advice to impart to her on that Subject.

Gom. You may ſpare your Inſtructions if you pleaſe, Father, ſhe has no farther need of them.

Dom. How no need of them! Do you ſpeak in Riddles?

Gom. Since you will have me ſpeak plainer; ſhe has profited ſo well already by your Counſel, that ſhe can ſay her Leſſon without your teaching: Do you underſtand me now?

Dom. I muſt not neglect my duty, for all that; once again, *Gomez*, by your leave.

Gom. She's a little indiſpos'd at preſent, and it will not be convenient to diſturb her.

{ Dominic *offers to go by him, but t'other ſtands before him.*

Dom. Indiſpos'd, ſay you? O, it is upon thoſe occaſions that a Confeſſor is moſt neceſſary; I think it was my good Angel that ſent me hither ſo opportunely.

Gom. Ay, whoſe good Angels ſent you hither, that you beſt know, Father.

Dom. A word or two of Devotion will doe her no harm I'm ſure.

Gom. A little ſleep will doe her more good I'm ſure: You know ſhe disburthen'd her Conſcience but this morning to you.

Dom. But, if ſhe be ill this afternoon, ſhe may have new occaſion to confeſs.

Gom.

Gom. Indeed, as you order matters with the Colonel, ſhe may have occaſion of confeſſing her ſelf every hour.

Dom. Pray, how long has ſhe been ſick?

Gom. Lord, you will force a man to ſpeak; why, ever ſince your laſt Defeat.

Dom. This can be but ſome light Indiſpoſition, it will not laſt, and I may ſee her.

Gom. How, not laſt! I ſay, It will laſt, and it ſhall laſt; ſhe ſhall be ſick theſe ſeven or eight days, and perhaps longer, as I ſee occaſion: what, I know the mind of her Sickneſs a little better than you do.

Dom. I find then, I muſt bring a Doctour.

Gom. And he'll bring an Apothecary with a chargeable long bill of *Ana's*: thoſe of my Family have the Grace to dye cheaper: in a word, Sir *Dominic*, we underſtand one anothers buſineſs here: I am reſolv'd to ſtand like the *Swiſs* of my own Family, to defend the entrance; you may mumble over your *Pater Noſters* if you pleaſe, and try if you can make my doors fly open, and batter down my walls with Bell, Book and Candle; but I am not of opinion that you are holy enough to commit Miracles.

Dom. Men of my Order are not to be treated after this manner.

Gom. I wou'd treat the Pope and all his Cardinals in the ſame manner, if they offer'd to ſee my Wife without my leave.

Dom. I excommunicate thee from the Church, if thou doſt not open, there's Promulgation coming out.

Gom. And I excommunicate you from my Wife, if you go to that; there's Promulgation for Promulgation, and Bull for Bull; and ſo I leave you to recreate your ſelf with the end of an old Song ——*and Sorrow came to the old Fryar.* [*Exit* Gomez.

Lorenzo *comes to him.*

Lor. I will not ask you your Succeſs; for I over-heard part of it, and ſaw the Concluſion; I find we are now put upon our laſt Trump; the Fox is earth'd, but I ſhall ſend my two Terriers in after him.

Souldier, I warrant you, Colonel, we'll unkennel him.

Lor. And make what haſte you can to bring out the Lady: what ſay you, Father, Burglary is but a venial Sin among Souldiers.

Dom. I ſhall abſolve them, becauſe he is an enemy of the Church —— there is a Proverb, I confeſs, which ſays, That Dead-men tell no Tales; but let your Souldiers apply it at their own Perils.

Lor.

Lor. What, take away a man's Wife, and kill him too! the Wickedneſs of the old Villain ſtartles me, and gives me a twinge for my own Sin; though it come far ſhort of his: hark you Souldiers, be ſure you uſe as little Violence to him as is poſſible.

Dom. Hold a little, I have thought better how to ſecure him, with leſs danger to us.

Lor. O Miracle, the Fryar is grown conſcientious!

Dom. The old King, you know, is juſt murther'd, and the perſons that did it are unknown; let the Souldiers ſeize him for one of the Aſſaſſinates, and let me alone to accuſe him afterwards.

Lor. I cry thee mercy with all my heart, for ſuſpecting a Fryar of the leaſt good nature; what, wou'd you accuſe him wrongfully?

Dom. I muſt confeſs, 'tis wrongfull *quoad hoc*, as to the Fact it ſelf; but 'tis rightfull *quoad hunc*, as to this Heretical Rogue, whom we muſt diſpatch: he has rail'd againſt the Church, which is a fouler Crime than the murther of a Thouſand Kings; *Omne majus continet in ſe minus*: He that is an Enemy to the Church, is an Enemy unto Heaven; and he that is an Enemy to Heaven, wou'd have kill'd the King, if he had been in the Circumſtances of doing it: ſo it is not wrongfull to accuſe him.

Lor. I never knew a Church man, if he were perſonally offended, but he wou'd bring in Heaven by hook or crook into his Quarrel. Souldiers, doe as you were firſt order'd.

[*Exeunt* Souldiers.

Dom. What was't you order'd 'em? Are you ſure it's ſafe, and not ſcandalous?

Lor. Somewhat near your own Deſign, but not altogether ſo miſchievous; the People are infinitely diſcontented, as they have reaſon; and Mutinies there are, or will be, againſt the Queen; now I am content to put him thus far into the Plot, that he ſhould be ſecur'd as a Traitor; but he ſhall onely be Priſoner at the Souldiers quarters; and when I am out of reach, he ſhall be releas'd.

Dom. And what will become of me then? for when he is free he will infallibly accuſe me.

Lor. Why then, Father, you muſt have recourſe to your infallible Church-remedies, Lie impudently, and Swear devoutly, and, as you told me but now, let him try whoſe Oath will be firſt believ'd: Retire; I hear 'em coming. [*They withdraw.*

Enter the Souldiers with Gomez *ſtrugling on their backs.*

Gom. Help, Good Chriſtians, help Neighbours; my Houſe is broken

broken open by force; and I am ravish'd, and am like to be assassinated; what do you mean Villains? will you carry me away like a Pedler's Pack upon your backs? will you murther a man in plain day-light?

First Souldier, No: But we'll secure you for a Traitor; and for being in a Plot against the State.

Gom. Who, I in a Plot! O Lord! O Lord! I never durst be in a Plot: why, how can you in Conscience suspect a rich Citizen of so much wit as to make a Plotter? there are none but poor Rogues, and those that can't live without it, that are in Plots.

Second Souldier, Away with him, away with him.

Gom. O my Gold! my Wife! my Wife! my Gold! As I hope to be sav'd now, I know no more of the Plot than they that made it. [*They carry him off, and* exeunt.

Lor. Thus far have we sail'd with a merry gale, and now we have the Cape of good Hope in sight; the Trade wind is our own if we can but double it. [*He looks out.*

(*Aside.*) Ah, my Father and *Pedro* stand at the corner of the Street with company, there's no stirring till they are past!

Enter Elvira *with a Casket.*

Elvi. Am I come at last into your Armes!

Lor. Fear nothing; the Adventure's ended, and the Knight may carry off the Lady safely.

Elvi. I'm so over-joy'd, I can scarce believe I am at liberty; but stand panting, like a Bird that has often beaten her wings in vain against her Cage, and at last dares hardly venture out though she sees it open.

Dom. Lose no time, but make haste while the way is free for you; and thereupon I give you my Benediction.

Lor. 'Tis not so free as you suppose; for there's an old Gentleman of my acquaintance that blocks up the passage at the corner of the Street.

Dom. What have you gotten there under your Arme, Daughter? somewhat I hope that will bear your Charges in your Pilgrimage.

Lor. The Fryar has an Hawk's eye to Gold and Jewels.

Elvi. Here's that will make you dance without a Fiddle, and provide better Entertainment for us then Hedges in Summer, and Barns in Winter; here's the very Heart and Soul, and Life Bloud of *Gomez*; Pawns in abundance, old Gold of Widows, and new Gold of Prodigals, and Pearls and Diamonds of Court Ladies, till the next Bribe helps their Husbands to redeem 'em.

Dom.

Dom. They are the Spoils of the Wicked, and the Church endows you with 'em.

Lor. And, Faith, we'll drink the Church's Health out of them. But all this while I ſtand on Thorns; prithee, Dear, look out, and ſee if the coaſt be free for our Eſcape; for I dare not peep for fear of being known.

{Elvira *goes to look, and* Gomez *comes running in upon her: ſhe ſhrieks out.*

Gom. Thanks to my Stars, I have recover'd my own Territories——What do I ſee! I'm ruin'd! I'm undone! I'm betray'd!

Dom. (*Aſide.*) What a hopefull Enterprize is here ſpoil'd?

Gom. O, Colonel, are you there? and you, Fryar? nay, then I find how the World goes.

Lor. Cheer up man; thou art out of jeopardy; I heard thee crying out juſt now; and came running in full ſpeed with the Wings of an Eagle, and the Feet of a Tyger to thy reſcue.

Gom. Ay, you are always at hand to doe me a Courteſie with your Eagle's Feet, and your Tyger's Wings: and, What were you here for, Fryar?

Dom. To interpoſe my Spiritual Authority in your behalf.

Gom. And why did you ſhriek out, Gentlewoman?

Elvi. 'Twas for Joy at your Return.

Gom. And that Casket under your Arme, for what end and purpoſe?

Elvi. Onely to preſerve it from the Thieves.

Gom. And you came running out of doors——.

Elvi. Onely to meet you, ſweet Husband.

Gom. A fine Evidence ſum'd up among you; thank you heartily; you are all my Friends; the Colonel was walking by accidentally, and, hearing my voice, came in to ſave me; the Fryar, who was hobling the ſame way too, accidentally, again, and not knowing of the Colonel, I warrant you, he comes in to pray for me; and my faithfull Wife runs out of doors to meet me with all my Jewels under her Arme, and ſhrieks out for Joy at my return: but if my Father-in-law had not met your Souldiers, Colonel, and deliver'd me in the nick, I ſhou'd neither have found a Friend nor a Fryar here, and might have ſhriek'd out for joy my ſelf for the loſs of my Jewels and my Wife.

Dom. Art thou an Infidel? Wilt thou not believe us?

Gom. Such Church-men as you wou'd make any man an Infidel: Get you into your Kennel, Gentlewoman; I ſhall thank you within-

within-doors for your safe custody of my Jewels and your own.

[*He thrusts his Wife off the Stage. Exit* Elvira.

As for you, Colonel Huff-cap, we shall try before a Civil Magistrate who's the greater Plotter of us two, I against the State, or you against the Petticoat.

Lor. Nay, if you will complain, you shall for something.

[*Beats him.*

Gom. Murther! murther! I give up the Ghost! I'm destroy'd! help! murther! murther!

Dom. Away, Colonel, let us fly for our Lives; the neighbours are coming out with Forks and Fire-shovels and Spits and other domestick Weapons; the *Militia* of a whole Alley is rais'd against us.

Lor. This is but the Interest of my Debt, Master Usurer, the Principal shall be paid you at our next meeting.

Dom. Ah, if your Souldiers had but dispatch'd him, his Tongue had been laid asleep, Colonel; but this comes of not following good counsel; ah— [*Exeunt* Lor. *and* Fryar *severally.*

Gom. I'll be reveng'd of him if I dare; but he's such a terrible Fellow that my mind misgives me; I shall tremble when I have him before the Judge: all my Misfortunes come together: I have been robb'd, and cuckolded, and ravish'd, and beaten in one quarter of an hour; my poor limbs smart, and my poor Head akes: ay, do, do, smart Limb, ake Head, and sprout Horns; but I'll be hang'd before I'll pity you: you must needs be married, must ye? there's for that, (*beats his own Head*) and to a fine young, modish Lady, must ye? there's for that too; and, at threescore, you old, doting Cuckold, take that remembrance——a fine time of day for a man to be bound Prentice, when he is past using of his Trade; to set up an equipage of Noise, when he has most need of Quiet; instead of her being under Covert-baron, to be under Covert-feme my self; to have my Body disabl'd, and my Head fortified; and, lastly, to be crowded into a narrow Box with a shrill Trebble;

That with one Blast through the whole House does bound,
And first taught Speaking Trumpets how to sound.

[Exit *Gomez.*

SCENE, *The Court.*

Enter Raymond, Alphonso, Pedro.

Raym. Are these, are these, ye Powers, the promis'd Joys,

With which I flatter'd my long tedious absence,
To find, at my return, my Master murther'd?
O, that I could but weep to vent my Passion!
But this dry Sorrow burns up all my Tears.

Alph. Mourn inward, Brother? 'tis observ'd at Court
Who weeps, and who wears black; and your Return
Will fix all Eyes on every Act of yours,
To see how you resent King *Sancho*'s Death.

Raym. What generous man can live within that Constraint
Upon his Soul, to bear, much less to flatter
A Court like this! can I sooth Tyranny?
Seem pleas'd to see my Royal Master murther'd,
His Crown usurp'd, a Distaff in the Throne.

Alph. Vertue must be thrown off, 'tis a course garment,
Two heavy for the sunshine of a Court.

Raym. Well then, I will dissemble for an end
So great, so pious, as a just Revenge:
You'll joyn with me.

Alph. No honest man but must.

Pedro, What Title has this Queen but Lawless Force?
And Force must pull her down.

Alph. Truth is, I pity *Leonora*'s case;
Forc'd, for her Safety, to commit a Crime
Which most her Soul abhors.

Raym. All she has done, or e'er can doe, of good,
This one black Deed has damn'd.

Pedro, You'll hardly gain your Son to our Design.

Raym. Your reason for't,

Pedro, I want time to unriddle it:
Put on your tother Face; the Queen approaches.

Enter the Queen, Bertran, *and Attendants.*

Raym. And that accursed *Bertran*
Stalks close behind her, like a Witche's Fiend,
Pressing to be employ'd; stand, and observe them.

Queen, to *Bertran*? Bury'd in private, and so suddenly!
It crosses my Design, which was t'allow
The Rights of Funeral fitting his Degree,
With all the Pomp of mourning.

Ber. It was not safe:
Objects of pity, when the cause is new,
Would work too fiercely on the giddy Crowd:

Had

Had *Ceſar*'s body never been expos'd,
Brutus had gain'd his Cauſe.
Queen, Then, was he lov'd?
Bertran, O, never man ſo much, for Saint-like goodneſs.
Pedr. (Aſide.) Had bad men fear'd him but as good men lov'd him,
He had not yet been ſainted.
Queen, I wonder how the People bear his Death.
Ber. Some diſcontent there are; ſome idle murmurs.
Ped. How, Idle Murmurs! Let me plainly ſpeak:
The doors are all ſhut up; the wealthier ſort,
With Arms a-croſs, and Hats upon their Eyes,
Walk to and fro before their ſilent Shops:
Whole droves of Lenders crowd the Banquers doors,
To call in Money; thoſe who have none, mark
Where Money goes; for when they riſe 'tis Plunder:
The Rabble gather round the Man of News,
And liſten with their Mouths;
Some tell; ſome hear, ſome judge of News, ſome make it;
And he who lies moſt loud, is moſt believ'd.
Queen, This may be dangerous.
Raym. (Aſide.) Pray Heaven it may.
Ber. If one of you muſt fall;
Self-preſervation is the firſt of Laws:
And if, when Subjects are oppreſs'd by Kings,
They juſtifie Rebellion by that Law,
As well may Monarchs turn the edge of right
To cut for them, when ſelfe-defence requires it.
Queen, You place ſuch Arbitrary Power in Kings,
That I much fear, if I ſhould make you one,
You'll make your ſelf a Tyrant; let theſe know
By what Authority you did this Act.
Bert. You much ſurpriſe me to demand that Queſtion:
But, ſince Truth muſt be told, 'Twas by your own.
Queen, Produce it; or, By Heaven your Head ſhall anſwer
The Forfeit of your Tongue.
Raym. (Aſide.) Brave miſchief towards.
Bertran, You bad me.
Queen, When, and where?
Bertr. No, I confeſs, you bad me not in words;
The Dial ſpoke not, but it made ſhrewd ſigns,
And pointed full upon the ſtroke of Murther:

Yet this you ſaid.
You were a woman ignorant and weak,
So left it to my care,
Queen. What if I ſaid,
I was a woman ignorant and weak;
Were you to take th'advantage of my Sex,
And play the Devil to tempt me? You contriv'd,
You urg'd, you drove me headlong to your toiles;
And if, much tir'd, and frighted more, I paus'd;
Were you to make my Doubts your own Commiſſion?
Bert. This 'tis to ſerve a Prince too faithfully;
Who, free from Laws himſelf, will have that done,
Which, not perform'd, brings us to ſure Diſgrace;
And, if perform'd, to Ruine.
Queen. This 'tis to counſel things that are unjuſt:
Firſt, to debauch a King to break his Laws,
(Which are his ſafety,) and then ſeek Protection
From him you have endanger'd; but, Juſt Heaven,
When Sins are judg'd, will damn the tempting Devil
More deep than thoſe he tempted.
Bert. If Princes not protect their Miniſters,
What man will dare to ſerve them?
Queen. None will dare
To ſerve them ill, when they are left to Laws;
But when a Counſellor, to ſave himſelf,
Would lay Miſcarriages upon his Prince,
Expoſing him to publick Rage and Hate;
O, 'tis an Act as infamouſly baſe,
As ſhould a common Souldier ſculk behind,
And thruſt his General in the Front of War:
It ſhews he onely ſerv'd himſelf before,
And had no ſenſe of Honour, Countrey, King;
But center'd on himſelf; and us'd his Maſter
As Guardians do their Wards, with ſhews of care,
But with intent to ſell the publick Safety,
And pocket up his Prince.
Pedro, (Aſide.) Well ſaid, i'faith;
This Speech is e'en too good for an Uſurper.
Ber. I ſee for whom I muſt be ſacrific'd;
And, had I not been ſotted with my zeal,
I might have found it ſooner.

Queen,

Queen, From my sight!
The Prince who bears an Insolence like this
Is such an Image of the Powers above,
As is the Statue of the Thundring God,
Whose Bolts the Boys may play with.

Bertran, Unreveng'd
I will not fall, nor single. [*Exit* Bertran *cum suis.*

Queen *to* Raymond *who kisses her hand.*

Qu. Welcome, welcome:
I saw you not before: one Honest Lord
Is hid with ease among a Crowd of Courtiers:
How can I be too grateful to the Father
Of such a Son as *Torrismond*?

Raym. His Actions were but Duty.

Queen, Yet, My Lord,
All have not paid that Debt like noble *Torrismond*;
You hear how *Bertran* brands me with a Crime,
Of which, your Son can witness I am free;
I sent to stop the Murther, but too late;
For Crimes are swift, but Penitence is slow;
The bloudy *Bertran*, diligent in ill,
Flew to prevent the soft returns of Pity.

Raym. O curst Haste of making sure a Sin!
Can you forgive the Traytor?

Queen, Never, never:
'Tis written here in Characters so deep
That seven years hence, (till then should I not meet him,)
And in the Temple then, I'll drag him thence,
E'en from the Holy Altar to the Block.

Raym. (*Aside.*) She's fir'd, as I would wish her; aid me Justice.
As all my ends are thine, to gain this Point;
And ruine both at once:——It wounds indeed. [*To her.*
To bear Affronts too great to be forgiven,
And not have Power to punish; yet one way
There is to ruine *Bertran*.

Queen, O, there's none;
Except an Host from Heaven can make such haste
To save my Crown as he will doe to seize it:
You saw he came surrounded with his Friends,
And knew besides our Army was remov'd
To quarters too remote for sudden use.

Raym.

Raym. Yet you may give Commiſſion
To ſome Bold man whoſe Loyalty you truſt,
And let him raiſe the Train-bands of the City.

Queen, Groſs feeders, Lion talkers, Lamb-like fighters.

Raym. You do not know the Virtues of your City,
What puſhing force they have; ſome popular Chief,
More noiſie than the reſt, but cries Halloo,
And in a trice the bellowing Herd come out;
The Gates are barr'd, the Ways are barricado'd,
And *One and All*'s the Word: true Cocks of th' Game,
That never ask for what, or whom, they fight,
But turn 'em out, and ſhew 'em but a Foe,
Cry Liberty, and that's a Cauſe of Quarrel.

Qu. There may be Danger, in that beaſt'rous Rout!
Who knows when Fires are kindled for my Foes,
But ſome new Blaſt of wind may turn thoſe Flames
Againſt my Palace Walls.

Raym. But ſtill their Chief
Muſt be ſome one whoſe Loyalty you truſt.

Qu. And who more proper for that Truſt than you,
Whoſe Intereſts, though unknown to you are mine?

Alphonſo, Pedro, haſte to raiſe the Rabble,
He ſhall appear to head 'em.

Raymond, (Aſide to *Alphonſo* and *Pedro,)* Firſt ſeize *Bertran,*
And then inſinuate to them that I bring
Their lawfull Prince to place upon the Throne.

Alphon. Our lawfull Prince.

Raym. Fear not; I can produce him.

Pedro to *Alph.* Now we want your Son *Lorenzo:* what a mighty Faction
Would he make for us of the City Wives,
With, ô, dear Husband, my ſweet honey Husband,
Won't you be for the Colonel? if you love me,
Be for the Colonel; ô he's the fineſt man!

[*Exeunt* Alphonſo, Pedro.

Raym. (Aſide.) So, now we have a Plot behind the Plot;
She thinks ſhe's in the depth of my Deſign,
And that it's all for her, but time ſhall ſhew,
She onely lives to help me ruine others,
And laſt, to fall her ſelf.

Queen, Now to you *Raymond:* Can you gueſs no reaſon

Why

Why I repose such Confidence in you;
You needs must think
There's some more powerfull Cause than Loyalty:
Will you not speak to save a Lady's Blush?
Must I inform you 'tis for *Torrismond*,
That all this Grace is shown? (fear'd.

Raym. (*Aside.*) By all the Powers, worse, worse, than what I

Queen, And yet, what need I blush at such a Choice?
I love a man, whom I am proud to love,
And am well pleas'd my Inclination gives
What Gratitude would force; O, pardon me;
I ne'er was covetous of Wealth before:
Yet think so vast a Treasure as your Son,
Too great for any private man's possession;
And him too rich a Jewel to be set
In vulgar metal, or for vulgar use.

Raym. Arm me with Patience, Heaven!

Queen, How, Patience, *Raymond*!
What exercise of Patience have you here?
What find you in my Crown to be contemn'd?
Or in my Person loath'd? Have I, a Queen,
Past by my Fellow-rulers of the World,
Whose vying Crowns lay glittering in my way,
As if the World were pav'd with Diadems?
Have I refus'd their Blood, to mix with yours,
And raise new Kings from so obscure a race,
Fate scarce knew where to find them when I call'd
Have I heap'd on my Person, Crown and State,
To load the Scale, and weigh'd my self with Earth,
For you to spurn the Balance?

Raym. Bate the last; and 'tis what I would say:
Can I, can any Loyal Subject see
With Patience such a stoop from Sovereignty,
An Ocean pour'd upon a narrow Brook?
My Zeal for you must lay the Father by:
And plead my Countrie's Cause against my Son.
What though his Heart be great, his Actions gallant;
He wants a Crown to poise against a Crown,
Birth to match Birth, and Power to balance Power.

Queen, All these I have, and these I can bestow;
But he brings Worth and Vertue to my Bed;

And

And Vertue is the Wealth which Tyrants want;
I ſtand in need of one whoſe Glories may
Redeem my Crimes, ally me to his Fame,
Diſpell the Factions of my Foes on Earth,
Diſarm the Juſtice of the Powers above.

Raym. The People never will endure this choice.

Queen. If I endure it what imports it you?
Go raiſe the Miniſters of my Revenge;
Guide with your Breath this whirling Tempeſt round,
And ſee its Fury fall where I deſign;
At laſt a time for juſt Revenge is given;
Revenge the darling attribute of Heaven!
But man, unlike his Maker, bears too long;
Still more expos'd, the more he pardons Wrong;
Great in forgiving, and in ſuffering brave;
To be a Saint he makes himſelf a Slave. [*Exit* Queen.

Raymond, (ſolus,) Marriage with *Torriſmond*! it muſt not be;
By Heaven, it muſt not be; or, if it be,
Law, Juſtice, Honour bid farewell to Earth:
For Heaven leaves all to Tyrants.

Enter Torriſmond, *who kneels to him.*

Tor. O, ever welcome, Sir,
But doubly now! you come in ſuch a time,
As if propitious Fortune took a chair
To ſwell my Tide of Joys to their full height,
And leave me nothing farther to deſire.

Raym. I hope I come in time, if not to make,
At leaſt, to ſave your Fortune and your Honour.
Take heed you ſteer your Veſſel right, my Son,
This Calm of Heaven, this Mermayd's melody,
Into an unſeen whirl-pool draws you faſt,
And in a moment ſinks you.

Tor. Fortune cannot,
And Fate can ſcarce: I've made the Port already,
And laugh ſecurely at the lazy ſtorm
That wanted wings to reach me in the deep.
Your pardon, Sir; my duty calls me hence;
I go to find my Queen, my earthly Goddeſs,
To whom I owe my Hopes, my Life, my Love.

Raym. You owe her more perhaps than you imagine.
Stay, I command you ſtay, and hear me firſt.

This

This hour's the very *Crisis* of your Fate,
Your Good or ill, your Infamy or Fame;
And all the colour of your Life depends
On this important Now.
Tor. I see no danger;
The City, Army, Court espouse my Cause;
And, more than all, the Queen with publick favour
Indulges my Pretensions to her Love.
Raym. Nay, if possessing her can make you happy,
'Tis granted, nothing hinders your Design.
Tor. If she can make me blest? she onely can:
Empire, and Wealth, and all she brings beside,
Are but the Train and Trappings of her Love:
The sweetest, kindest, truest of her Sex,
In whose Possession years roule round on years,
And Joys in Circles meet new Joys again:
Kisses, Embraces, Languishing and Death,
Still from each other, to each other move
To crown the various seasons of our Love:
And doubt you if such Love can make me happy?
Raym. Yes, for I think you love your Honour more.
Tor. And what can shock my Honour in a Queen?
Raym. A Tyrant, an Usurper?
Tor. Grant she be.
When from the Conquerour we hold our Lives,
We yield our selves his Subjects from that hour:
For mutual Benefits make mutual Ties.
Raym. Why, can you think I owe a Thief my Life,
Because he took it not by lawless Force?
What if he did not all the Ill he cou'd?
Am I oblig'd, by that, t'assist his Rapines,
And to maintain his Murthers?
Tor. Not to maintain, but bear 'em unreveng'd;
Kings Titles commonly begin by Force,
Which Time wears off and mellows into Right:
So Power, which in one Age is Tyranny,
Is ripen'd in the next to true Succession:
She's in Possession.
Raym. So Diseases are:
Shou'd not a lingring Fever be remov'd;
Because it long has rag'd within my Bloud?

Do I rebell when I wou'd thrust it out?
Nay, to become a part of Usurpation;
To espouse the Tyrants Person and her Crimes,
And, on a Tyrant, get a Race of Tyrants
To be your Countries Curse in after Ages.

Tor. I see no Crime in her whom I adore,
Or if I do, her beauty makes it none:
Look on me as a man abandon'd o'er
To an eternal Lethargy of Love;
To pull, and pinch, and wound me, cannot cure,
And but disturb the Quiet of my Death.

Raym. O, Vertue! Vertue! what art thou become?
That men should leave thee for that Toy a Woman
Made from the dross and refuse of a Man;
Heaven took him sleeping when he made her too;
Had man been waking he had ne'er consented.
Now Son suppose
Some brave Conspiracy were ready form'd
To punish Tyrants and redeem the Land,
Cou'd you so far belye your Countries Hope,
As not to head the Party?

Tor. How cou'd my Hand rebell against my Heart?

Raym. How cou'd your Heart rebell against your Reason?

Tor. No Honour bids me fight against my self;
The Royal Family is all extinct,
And she who reigns bestows her Crown on me:
So must I be ungratefull to the Living,
To be but vainly pious to the Dead;
While you defraud your Offspring of their Fate.

Raym. Mark who defraud their Offspring, you or I?
For know there yet survives the lawfull Heir
Of *Sancho*'s bloud, whom when I shall produce,
I rest assur'd to see you pale with Fear
And Trembling at his Name.

Tor. He must be more than Man who makes me tremble:
I dare him to the Field with all the odds
Of Justice on his side, against my Tyrant:
Produce your Lawfull Prince, and you shall see
How brave a Rebel Love has made your Son.

Raym. Read that: 'Tis with the Royal Signet sign'd,
And given me by the King when time should serve
To be perus'd by you.

Tor.

Torrismond reads.

I the King.

My youngest and alone surviving Son
Reported dead t'escape Rebellious rage
Till happier times shall call his Courage forth
To break my Fetters or revenge my Fate
I will that Raymond *educate as his,*
And call him Torrismond———

If I am he, that Son, that *Torrismond*,
The World contains not so forlorn a Wretch!
Let never man believe he can be happy!
For when I thought my Fortune most secure,
One fatal moment tears me from my Joys:
And when two Hearts were joyn'd by mutual Love,
The Sword of Justice cuts upon the Knot,
And severs 'em for ever.

Raym. True; it must.

Tor. O cruel man, to tell me that it must!
If you have any Pity in your Breast,
Redeem me from this Labyrinth of Fate,
And plunge me in my first Obscurity:
The Secret is alone between us two;
And though you wou'd not hide me from my self,
O, yet be kind, conceal me from the World,
And be my Father still.

Raym. Your Lot's too glorious, and the Proof's too plain,
Now, in the name of Honour, Sir, I beg you
(Since I must use Authority no more)
On these old Knees I beg you, e'er I dye,
That I may see your Father's Death reveng'd.

Tor. Why, 'tis the onely business of my Life;
My Order's issued to recall the Army,
And *Bertran*'s Death resolv'd.

Raym. And not the Queen's; ô She's the chief Offender!
Shall Justice turn her Edge within your Hand?
No, if she scape, you are your self the Tyrant,
And Murtherer of your Father.

Tor. Cruel Fates,
To what have you reſerv'd me!
Raym. Why that Sigh?
Tor. Since you muſt know, but break, ô break my Heart,
Before I tell my Fatal Story out,
Th'Uſurper of my Throne, my Houſes Ruine,
The Murtherer of my Father, is my Wife!
Raym. O, Horrour! Horrour! after this Alliance,
Let Tygers match with Hinds, and Woolves with Sheep,
And every Creature couple with his Foe.
How vainly Man deſigns when Heaven oppoſes?
I bred you up to Arms, rais'd you to Power,
Permitted you to fight for this Uſurper,
Indeed to ſave a Crown, not her's, but yours,
All to make ſure the Vengeance of this Day,
Which even this Day has ruin'd——one more queſtion.
Let me but ask, and I have done for ever:
Do you yet love the Cauſe of all your Woes,
Or, is ſhe grown (as ſure ſhe ought to be)
More odious to your ſight than Toads and Adders?
Tor. O, there's the utmoſt Malice of my Fate,
That I am bound to hate, and born to love!
Raym. No more:——Farewell my much-lamented King.
(*Aſide,*) I dare not truſt him with himſelf ſo far
To own him to the People as their King,
Before their Rage has finiſh'd my Deſigns
On *Bertran* and the *Queen*, but in Deſpight
Ev'n of himſelf I'll ſave him. [*Exit* Raymond.
Tor. 'Tis but a moment ſince I have been King,
And weary on't already; I'm a Lover,
Am lov'd, poſſeſs; yet all theſe make me wretched;
And Heav'n has giv'n me Bleſſings for a Curſe.
With what a load of Vengeance am I preſt,
Yet never, never, can I hope for Reſt;
For when my heavy Burthen I remove,
The weight falls down, and cruſhes her I love.

[*Exit* Torriſmond.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT. V.

SCENE *A Bed-Chamber.*

Enter Torrismond.

Tor. LOVE, Justice, Nature, Pity and Revenge
Have kindled up a Wild-fire in my Breast,
And I am all a Civil-war within!
Enter Queen and Teresa *at a distance.*
My *Leonora* there!
Mine? Is she mine? My Father's Murtherer mine?
Oh! that I could with Honour love her more,
Or hate her less with Reason! See, she weeps;
Thinks me unkind, or False, and knows not why
I thus estrange my Person from her Bed:
Shall I not tell her? no: 'twill break her Heart:
She'll know too soon her own and my Misfortunes. [*Exit.*

Queen, He's gone, and I am lost; Didst thou not see
His sullen Eyes? how gloomily they glanc'd:
He look'd not like the *Torrismond* I lov'd.

Ter. Can you not guess from whence this Change proceeds?

Queen, No: there's the Grief, *Teresa*: Oh, *Teresa!*
Fain would I tell thee what I feel within,
But shame and Modesty have ty'd my Tongue!
Yet, I will tell, that thou maist weep with me.
How dear, how sweet his first Embraces were!
With what a Zeal he join'd his Lips to mine!
And suckt my Breath at every word I spoke,
As if he drew his Inspiration thence:
While both our Souls came upward to our Mouths,
As neighbouring Monarchs at their Borders meet:
I thought: Oh no; 'Tis false: I could not think;
'Twas neither Life nor Death, but both in one.

Ter. Then sure his Transports were not less than yours.

Qu. More, more! for by the high-hung Tapers light
I cou'd discern his Cheeks were glowing red,
His very Eye-balls trembl'd with his Love,

And sparkl'd through their Casements humid Fires:
He sigh'd and kiss'd, breath'd short, and wou'd have spoke,
But was too fierce to throw away the time;
All he cou'd say was Love, and *Leonora*.

Ter. How then can you suspect him lost so soon?

Qu. Last night he flew not with a Bridgroom's haste,
Which eagerly prevents the pointed hour;
I told the Clocks, and watch'd the wasting Light,
And listned to each softly treading step,
In hope 'twas he: but still it was not he.
At last he came, but with such alter'd Looks,
So wild, so ghastly, as if some Ghost had met him;
All pale, and speechless, he survey'd me round;
Then, with a Groan, he threw himself a-bed,
But far from me, as far as he cou'd move,
And sigh'd, and toss'd, and turn'd, but still from me.

Ter. What, all the night?

Queen, Even all the live-long night.
At last: (for, blushing, I must tell thee all,)
I press'd his Hand, and laid me by his Side,
He pull'd it back, as if he touch'd a Serpent.
With that I burst into a flood of Tears,
And ask'd him how I had offended him?
He answer'd nothing, but with Sighs and Groans,
So restless past the night: and at the Dawn
Leapt from the Bed, and vanish'd.

Ter. Sighs and Groans,
Paleness and Trembling, all are signs of Love;
He onely fears to make you share his Sorrows.

Queen, I wish 'twere so: but Love still doubts the worst;
My heavy Heart, the Prophetess of Woes,
Foreboads some ill at hand: To sooth my sadness
Sing me the Song which poor *Olympia* made
When false *Bireno* left her.

A SONG.

A SONG.

I.

Farwell ungrateful Traytor,
Farwell my perjur'd Swain,
Let never injur'd Creature
Believe a Man again.
The Pleasure of Possessing
Surpasses all Expressing,
But 'tis too short a Blessing,
And Love too long a Pain.

II.

'Tis easie to deceive us
In pity of your Pain,
But when we love you leave us
To rail at you in vain.
Before we have discov'd it,
There is no Bliss beside it,
But she that once has try'd it,
Will never love again.

III.

The Passion you pretended
Was onely to obtain,
But when the Charm is ended
The Charmer you disdain.
Your Love by ours we measure,
Till we have lost our Treasure,
But Dying is a Pleasure,
When Living is a Pain.

Re-enter Torrismond.

Tor. Still she is here, and still I cannot speak;
But wander like some discontented Ghost
That oft appears, but is forbid to talk. [*Going again.*
Queen, O, *Torrismond*, if you resolve my Death,
You need no more but to go hence again.

Will

Will you not speak?

Tor. I cannot.

Qu. Speak! oh, speak!

Your Anger wou'd be kinder than your Silence.

Tor. Oh!

Queen, Do not sigh, or tell me why you sigh?

Tor. Why do I live, ye Powers?

Qu. Why do I live, to hear you speak that word?
Some black-mouth'd Villain has defam'd my Vertue.

Tor. No! No! Pray let me go.

Queen, (kneeling) You shall not go:
By all the Pleasures of our Nuptial-bed,
If ever I was lov'd, though now I'm not,
By these true Tears, which from my wounded Heart
Bleed at my Eyes.———

Tor. Rise.

Queen, I will never rise,
I cannot chuse a better place to dye.

Tor. Oh! I wou'd speak, but cannot.

Queen, (rising) Guilt keeps you silent then; you love me not:
What have I done? ye Powers, what have I done?
To see my Youth, my Beauty, and my Love
No sooner gain'd, but slighted and betray'd:
And like a Rose just gather'd from the Stalk,
But onely smelt, and cheaply thrown aside
To wither on the ground.

Tere. For Heav'ns sake, Madam, moderate your Passion.

Qu. Why nam'st thou Heaven? there is no Heaven for me,
Despair, Death, Hell, have seiz'd my tortur'd Soul:
When I had rais'd his groveling Fate from ground,
To Pow'r and Love, to Empire and to Me;
When each Embrace was dearer than the first;
Then, then to be contemn'd, then, then thrown off;
It calls me old, and wither'd, and deform'd,
And loathsome: Oh! what Woman can bear Loathsome?
The Turtle flies not from his billing Mate,
He bills the closer: but ungratefull Man,
Base barbarous Man, the more we raise our Love,
The more we pall, and cool, and kill his ardour.
Racks, Poison, Daggers, bid me but of these,
And any Death is welcome.

Tor.

Tor. Be witness all ye Powers that know my Heart,
I would have kept the fatal Secret hid,
But she has conquer'd, to her Ruine conquer'd:
Here, take this Paper, reade our Destinies;
Yet do not; but in kindness to your self,
Be ignorantly safe.

Qu. No! give it me,
Even though it be the Sentence of my Death.

Tor. Then see how much unhappy Love has made us.
O *Leonora!* Oh!
We two were born when sullen Planets reign'd;
When each the other's Influence oppos'd,
And drew the Stars to Factions at our Birth.
Oh! better, better had it been for us
That we had never seen, or never lov'd.

Queen, There is no Faith in Heaven, if Heaven says so,
You dare not give it.

Tor. As unwillingly,
As I wou'd reach out *Opium* to a Friend
Who lay in Torture, and desir'd to dye. [*Gives the Paper.*
But now you have it, spare my sight the pain
Of seeing what a world of Tears it cost you:
Go silently enjoy your part of Grief,
And share the sad Inheritance with me.

Queen, I have a thirsty Fever in my Soul,
Give me but present Ease, and let me dye. *Exit* Qu. *and* Teref.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Arm, arm, my Lord, the City Bands are up,
Drums beating, Colours flying, Shouts confus'd;
All clustring in a heap, like swarming Hives,
And rising in a moment.

Tor. With design to punish *Bertran,* and revenge the King,
'Twas order'd so.

Lor. Then you're betray'd, my Lord.
'Tis true, they block the Castle kept by *Bertran,*
But now they cry, Down with the Palace, Fire it,
Pull out th' usurping Queen.

Tor. The Queen, *Lorenzo!* durst they name the Queen?

Lor. If railing and reproaching be to name her.

Tor. O Sacrilege! Say quickly who commands
This vile blaspheming Rout?

Lor. I'm loth to tell you,
But both our Fathers thrust 'em headlong on,
And bear down all before 'em.

Tor. Death and Hell!
Somewhat must be resolv'd, and speedily,
How sayst thou, my *Lorenzo?* darst thou be
A Friend, and once forget thou art a Son,
To help me save the Queen?

Lor. (*Aside.*) Let me consider;
Bear Arms against my Father? he begat me;
That's true; but for whose sake did he beget me?
For his own sure enough: for me he knew not.
Oh! but says Conscience: Fly in Nature's Face?
But how if Nature fly in my Face first?
Then Nature's the Aggressor: Let her look to't ——
—He gave me Life, and he may take it back: ——
No, that's Boys play, say I. ——
'Tis Policy for Son and Father to take different sides:
For then, Lands and Tenements commit no Treason.
(To *Tor.*) Sir, upon mature consideration, I have found my Father
To be little better than a Rebel, and therefore I'll doe
My best to secure him for your sake; in hope you may
Secure him hereafter for my sake.

Tor. Put on thy utmost speed to head the Troops.
Which every moment I expect t'arrive:
Proclaim me, as I am, the lawfull King:
I need not caution thee for *Raymond's* Life,
Though I no more must call him Father now.

Lor. (*Aside.*) How! not call him Father?
I see Preferment alters a man strangely,
This may serve me for a Use of Instruction,
To cast off my Father when I am great.
Methought too he call'd himself the lawfull King;
Intimating sweetly that he knows what's what
With our Sovereign Lady: Well, if I rout my
Father, as I hope in Heaven I shall, I am in a fair
Way to be a Prince of the Bloud: Farwell, General; (*Tawny.*
I'll bring up those that shall try what mettle there is in Orange-
[*Exit.*] (up

Tor. (*at the door.*) Haste there, command the Guards be all drawn
Before the Palace gate. ——By Heaven, I'll face

This

This Tempest, and deserve the Name of King.
O, *Leonora*, beauteous in thy Crimes,
Never were Hell and Heaven so match'd before!
Look upward, Fair, but as thou look'st on me;
Then all the Blest will beg that thou may'st live,
And even my Father's Ghost his Death forgive. [*Exit* Tor.

SCENE, *The Palace-yard.*

Drums and Trumpets within.

Enter Raymond, Alphonso, Pedro, *and their Party.*

Raym. Now, valiant Citizens, the time is come
To shew your Courage and your Loyalty:
You have a Prince of *Sancho*'s Royal Bloud,
The Darling of the Heavens and Joy of Earth;
When he's produc'd, as soon he shall, among you;
Speak, what will you adventure to re-seat him
Upon his Father's Throne?

Omn. Our Lives and Fortunes.

Raym. What then remains to perfect our Success,
But o'er the Tyrant's Guards to force our way?

Omn. Lead on, Lead on.

Drums and Trumpets on the other Side.

Enter Torrismond *and his Party: as they are going to fight, he speaks.*

Tor. to his, Hold, hold your Arms.

Raym. to his, Retire.

Alph. What means this Pause?

Ped. Peace: Nature works within them. [Tor. & Ray. *go apart.*

Tor. How comes it, good old Man, that we two meet
On these harsh terms! thou very reverend Rebel?
Thou venerable Traytor, in whose Face
And hoary Hairs Treason is sanctified;
And Sin's black dy seems blanch'd by Age to Vertue.

Raym. What Treason is it to redeem my King,
And to reform the State?

Tor. That's a stale Cheat,
The primitive Rebel, *Lucifer*, first us'd it,

And was the firſt Reformer of the Skyes.

Raym. What if I ſee my Prince miſtake a Poiſon,
Call it a Cordial? Am I then a Traytor,
Becauſe I hold his Hand or break the Glaſs?

Tor. How darſt thou ſerve thy King againſt his Will?

Raym. Becauſe 'tis then the onely time to ſerve him.

Tor. I take the blame of all upon my ſelf,
Diſcharge thy weight on me.

Raym. O, never, never!
Why, 'tis to leave a Ship toſt in a Tempeſt
Without the Pilot's Care.

Tor. I'll puniſh thee,
By Heaven, I will, as I wou'd puniſh Rebels,
Thou ſtubborn loyal Man.

Raym. Firſt let me ſee
Her puniſht who miſleads you from your Fame;
Then burn me, hack me, hew me into pieces,
And I ſhall dye well pleas'd.

Tor. Proclaim my Title,
To ſave the effuſion of my Subjects Bloud, and thou ſhalt ſtill
Be as my Foſter-father near my Breaſt,
And next my *Leonora*.

Raym. That word ſtabs me.
You ſhall be ſtill plain *Torriſmond* with me,
Th' Abetter, Partner, (if you like that name,)
The Husband of a Tyrant, but no King;
Till you deſerve that Title by your Juſtice.

Tor. Then, farwell Pity, I will be obey'd.
(To the People.) Hear, you Miſtaken Men, whoſe Loyalty
Runs headlong into Treaſon: See your Prince;
In me behold your murther'd *Sancho*'s Son;
Diſmiſs your Arms; and I forgive your Crimes.

Raym. Believe him not; he raves; his words are looſe
As heaps of Sand, and ſcattering, wide from ſenſe.
You ſee he knows not me, his natural Father;
But aiming to poſſeſs th'uſurping Queen,
So high he's mounted in his Aiery hopes,
That now the Wind is got into his Head,
And turns his Brains to Frenzy.

Tor. Hear me yet, I am———

Raym. Fall on, fall on, and hear him not.

But spare his Person for his Father's sake.

Ped. Let me come, if he be mad, I have that shall cure him. There's no Surgeon in all *Arragon* has so much Dexterity as I have at breathing of the Temple-vein.

Tor. My Right for me.

Raym. Our Liberty for us.

Omn. Liberty, Liberty, —— [*As they are ready to fight.*

Enter Lorenzo *and his Party.*

Lor. On forfeit of your Lives lay down your Arms.

Alph. How, Rebel, art thou there?

Lor. Take your Rebel back again, Father mine. The beaten Party are Rebels to the Conquerours. I have been at hard-head with your butting Citizens; I have routed your Herd; I have dispers't them; And now they are retreated quietly, From their extraordinary Vocation of Fighting in The Streets, to their ordinary Vocation of Cozening In their Shops.

Tor. to *Raym.* You see 'tis vain contending with the Truth, Acknowledge what I am;

Raym. You are my King; wou'd you wou'd be your own; But by a fatal fondness you betray Your Fame and Glory to th' Usurper's Bed: Enjoy the Fruits of Bloud and Parricide, Take your own Crown from *Leonora*'s Gift, And hug your Father's Murtherer in your Armes.

Enter Queen *and* Teresa: *Women.*

Alph. No more: behold the Queen.

Raym. Behold the *Basilisk* of *Torrismond*, That kills him with her Eyes. I will speak on; My Life is of no farther use to me: I wou'd have chaffer'd it before for Vengeance: Now let it go for Failing.

Tor. (*Aside.*) My Heart sinks in me while I hear him speak, And every slackn'd fibre drops its hold, Like Nature letting down the Springs of Life: So much the Name of Father awes me still. Send off the Crowd: (mands. For you, now I have conquer'd, I can hear with honour your De-

Lor. to *Alph.* Now, Sir, who proves the Traytor? My Conscience Is true to me, it always whispers right when

I have

I have my Regiment to back it.

[*Exeunt omnes præter* Tor. Ray. Leo.

Tor. O *Leonora!* what can Love doe more?
I have oppos'd your ill Fate to the utmost:
Combated Heaven and Earth to keep you mine:
And yet at last that Tyrant, Justice! Oh——

Queen, 'Tis past, tis past: and Love is ours no more:
Yet I complain not of the Powers above;
They made me a Miser's feast of Happiness,
And cou'd not furnish out another meal:
Now, by yon' Stars, by Heaven, and Earth, and Men;
By all my Foes at once; I swear, my *Torrismond,*
That to have had you mine for one short day
Has cancell'd half my mighty sum of Woes:
Say but you hate me not.

Tor. I cannot hate you.

Raym. Can you not? say that once more;
That all the Saints may witness it against you.

Queen, Cruel *Raymond!*
Can he not punish me but he must hate?
O! 'tis not Justice, but a brutal Rage,
Which hates th'Offender's person with his Crimes:
I have enough to overwhelm one Woman,
To lose a Crown and Lover in a day:
Let Pity lend a Tear when Rigour strikes.

Raym. Then, then you should have thought of Tears and Pity,
When Vertue, Majesty, and hoary Age
Pleaded for *Sancho*'s Life.

Qu. My future days shall be one whole Contrition;
A Chapel will I build with large Endowment,
Where every day an hundred aged men
Shall all hold up their wither'd hands to Heaven,
To pardon *Sancho*'s Death.

Tor. See, *Raymond,* see! she makes a large amends:
Sancho is dead: no punishment of her
Can raise his cold stiff limbs from the dark Grave;
Nor can his blessed Soul look down from Heaven;
Or break th' eternal Sabbath of his Rest,
To see with Joy her Miseries on Earth.

Raym. Heaven may forgive a Crime to Penitence,
For Heaven can judge if Penitence be true;

But

But man, who knows not Hearts, should make Examples:
Which like a Warning-piece must be shot off,
To fright the rest from Crimes.

Queen, Had I but known that *Sancho* was his Father,
I would have pour'd a Deluge of my Bloud
To save one Drop of his.

Tor. Mark that, Inexprable *Raymond*, mark!
'Twas fatal Ignorance that caus'd his Death.

Raym. What if she did not know he was your Father?
She knew he was a Man, the Best of men,
Heaven's Image double stamp'd, as Man and King.

Qu. He was, he was, e'en more than you can say,
But yet ———

Raym. But yet you barbarously murther'd him.

Queen, He will not hear me out!

Tor. Was ever Criminal forbid to plead?
Curb your ill manner'd Zeal.

Raym. Sing to him *Syren*;
For I shall stop my Ears: now mince the Sin,
And mollifie Damnation with a Phrase:
Say you consented not to *Sancho*'s Death,
But barely not forbad it.

Qu. Hard hearted Man, I yield my guilty cause,
But all my Guilt was caus'd by too much Love.
Had I for Jealousie of Empire fought
Good *Sancho*'s Death, *Sancho* had dy'd before.
'Twas always in my Power to take his Life:
But Interest never could my Conscience blind
Till Love had cast a mist before my Eyes;
And made me think his Death the onely means
Which could secure my Throne to *Torrismond*.

Tor. Never was fatal Mischief meant so kind,
For all she gave, has taken all away.
Malicious Pow'rs! Is this to be restor'd?
'Tis to be worse depos'd than *Sancho* was.

Raym. Heaven has restor'd you, you depose your self:
Oh! when young Kings begin with scorn of Justice,
They make an Omen to their after Reign,
And blot their Annals in the foremost page.

Tor. No more; lest you be made the first Example,
To shew how I can punish.

Raym. Once again—
Let her be made your Father's Sacrifice,
And after make me her's.

Tor. Condemn a Wife!
That were to attone for Parricide with Murther!

Raym. Then let her be divorc'd! we'll be content
With that poor scanty Justice. Let her part!

Tor. Divorce! that's worse than Death, 'tis Death of Love.

Queen, The Soul and Body part not with such Pain
As I from you: but yet 'tis just, my Lord,
I am th' Accurst of Heaven, the Hate of Earth,
Your Subjects Detestation, and your Ruine:
And therefore fix this doom upon my self. ——————

Tor. Heav'n! Can you wish it so, to be mine no more!

Queen, Yes, I can wish it as the dearest Proof
And last that I can make you of my Love.
To leave you blest I would be more secure
Than Death can make me; for Death ends our Woes,
And the Kind Grave shuts up the mournfull Scene:
But I would live without you; to be wretched long:
And hoard up every moment of my life,
To lengthen out the Payment of my Tears,
Till e'en fierce *Raymond*, at the last, shall say,
Now let her dye, for she has griev'd enough.

Tor. Hear this, hear this thou Tribune of the People:
Thou zealous, publick Bloud-hound, hear, and melt.

Raym. (Aside.) I could cry now, my Eyes grow womanish,
But yet my Heart holds out.

Queen, Some solitary Cloister will I chuse,
And there with holy Virgins live immur'd,
Course my Attire, and short shall be my Sleep,
Broke by the melancholy midnight Bell.
Now, *Raymond*, now be satisfied at last:
Fasting and Tears, and Penitence and Prayer
Shall doe dead *Sancho* Justice every hour.

Raym. (Aside.) By your leave, Manhood! [*Wipes his Eyes.*

Tor. He weeps, now he's vanquish'd.

Raym. No! 'tis a salt Rheum that scalds my Eyes.

Qu. If he were vanquish'd, I am still unconquer'd.
I'll leave you in the height of all my Love,
E'en when my Heart is beating out its way,

And

And ſtruggles to you moſt.
Farewell, a laſt Farewell! My dear, dear Lord
Remember me; I ſpeak, *Raymond*, will you let him?
Shall he remember *Leonora's* Love,
And ſhed a parting Tear to her Misfortunes?

Raym. (*Almoſt crying.*) Yes, yes, he ſhall, pray go.

Tor. Now, By my Soul, ſhe ſhall not go: why, *Raymond*,
Her every Dear is worth a Father's Life.
Come to my Armes, come, my fair Penitent,
Let us not think what future Ills may fall,
But drink deep Draughts of Love, and loſe 'em all.

[*Exit Tor. with the Queen.*

Raym. No matter yet, he has my Hook within him,
Now let him friſk and flownce and run and howle,
And think to break his hold. He toils in vain:
This Love, the Bait he gorg'd ſo greedily,
Will make him ſick, and then I have him ſure.

Enter Alphonſo, and Pedro.

Alph. Brother, there's News from *Bertran*; he deſires
Admittance to the King, and cryes aloud,
This day ſhall end our Fears of Civil War:
For his ſafe Conduct he entreats your Preſence,
And begs you would be ſpeedily.

Raym. Though I loath
The Traitor's ſight, I'll go: Attend us here.

[*Exit Ray.*

Enter Gomez, Elvira, Dominic, with Officers, to make the Stage as full as poſſible.

Pedro. Why, how now *Gomez*, what mak'ſt thou here with a whole Brother-hood of City Bailiffs? why, thou look'ſt like *Adam* in Paradiſe, with his guard of Beaſts about him.

Gom. Ay, and a man had need of them, Don *Pedro*: for here are the two old Seducers, a Wife and Prieſt, that's *Eve* and the Serpent, at my Elbow.

Dom. Take notice how uncharitably he talks of Church-men.

Gom. Indeed you are a charitable *Beſwagger*: my Wife, cry'd out Fire, Fire; and you brought out your Church-buckets, and call'd for Engins to play againſt it.

Alph. I am ſorry you are come hither to accuſe your Wife, her Education has been vertuous, her Nature mild and eaſie.

Gom. Yes, ſhe's eaſie with a Vengeance, there's a certain Colonel has found her ſo.

Alph. She came a Spotless Virgin to your Bed.

Gom. And she's a spotless Virgin still for me — she's never the worse for my wearing, I'll take my Oath on't: I have lor'd with her with all the Innocence of a Man of Threescore; like a peaceable Bedfellow as I am.

Elvi. Indeed, Sir, I have no reason to complain of him for disturbing of my Sleep.

Dom. A fine Commendation you have given your self; the Church did not marry you for that.

Pedro, Come, come, your Grievances, your Grievances.

Dom. Why, Noble Sir, I'll tell you.

Gom. Peace Fryar! and let me speak first. I am the Plaintiff. Sure you think you are in the Pulpit where you preach by hours.

Dom. And you edifie by minutes.

Gom. Where you make Doctrines for the People, and Uses and Applications for your selves.

Pedro, Gomez, give way to the old Gentleman in black.

Gom. No! the t'other old Gentleman in black shall take me if I doe! I will speak first! nay, I will, Fryar! for all your *Verbum Sacerdotis,* I'll speak truth in few words, and then you may come afterwards, and lye by the clock as you use to doe. For, let me tell you, Gentlemen, he shall lye and forswear himself with any Fryar in all *Spain:* that's a bold word now.

Dom. Let him alone: let him alone: I shall fetch him back with a *Circum-bendibus* I warrant him.

Alph. Well, What have you to say against your Wife, *Gomez?*

Gom. Why, I say, in the first place, that I and all men are married for our Sins, and that our Wives are a Judgment; that a Batchelour-cobler is a happier man than a Prince in Wedlock; that we are all visited with a Houshold Plague, and, *Lord have mercy upon us* should be written on all our doors.

Dom. Now he reviles Marriage which is one of the seven blessed Sacraments.

Gom. 'Tis liker one of the seven deadly Sins: but make your best on't, I care not: 'tis but binding a man Neck and Heels for all that! But as for my Wife, that *Crocodile* of *Nilus,* she has wickedly and traiterously conspir'd the Cuckoldom of me her anointed Sovereign Lord: and, with the help of the aforesaid Fryar, whom Heaven confound, and, with the Limbs of one Colonel *Hernando,* Cuckold-maker of this City, devilishly contriv'd to steal herself away, and under her Arm feloniously to bear one Casket of Dirmonds,

rubies, Pearls, and other Jewels, to the Value of 30000 Pistols. Guilty, or Not guilty; how say'st thou Culprit?

Dom. False and scandalous! Give me the Book. I'll take my corporal Oath point-blank against every particular of this Charge.

Elvi. And so will I.

Dom. As I was walking in the Streets, telling my Beads, and praying to my self, according to my usual costome, I heard a foul Out-cry before *Gomez* his Portal; and his Wife, my Penitent, making doleful Lamentations: Thereupon, making what haste my Limbs would suffer me, that are crippl'd with often kneeling, I saw him spurning and Fisting her most unmercifully; whereupon, using Christian Arguments with him to desist, he fell violently upon me, without respect to my Sacerdotal Orders, pusht me from him, and turn'd me about with a Finger and a Thumb, just as a man would set up a Top. Mercy, quoth I. Damme, quoth he. And still continued Labouring me, till a good minded Colonel came by, whom, as Heaven shall save me, I had never seen before.

Gom. O Lord! O Lord!

Dom. Ay, and, O Lady! O Lady too! I redouble my Oath, I had never seen him. Well, this Noble Colonel, like a true Gentleman, was for taking the weaker part you may be sure——whereupon this *Gomez* flew upon him like a Dragon, got him down, the Devil being strong in him, and gave him Bastinado on Bastinado, and Buffet upon Buffet, which the poor, meek Colonel, being prostrate, suffer'd with a most Christian Patience.

Gom. Who? he meek? I'm sure I quake at the very thought of him; why, he's as fierce as *Rhodomont*, he made Assault and Battery upon my Person, beat me into all the colours of the Rainbow. And every word this abominable Priest has utter'd is as false as the *Alcoran*. But if you want a through pac'd Lyar that will swear through thick and thin, commend me to a Fryar.

Enter Lorenzo, *who comes behind the Company, and stands at his Father's back unseen, over against* Gomez.

Lor. (*Aside.*) How now! What's here to doe? my Cause a trying, as I live, and that before my own Father: now Fourscore take him for an old bawdy Magistrate, that stands like the Picture of Madam Justice, with pair of Scales in his Hand, to weigh Lechery by Ounces.

Alph. Well—but all this while, who is this Colonel *Hernando*?

Gom. He's the Firſt begotten of *Beelzebub*, with a Face as terrible as *Demogorgon*.

{Lorenzo *peeps up over* Alph. *head, and ſtares at* Gomez.

No! I lye, I lye:
He's a very proper, handſome fellow! well proportion'd, and clean ſhap'd, with a Face like a Cherubin.

Ped. What, backward and forward *Gomez*? doſt thou hunt counter?

Alph. Had this Colonel any former Deſign upon your Wife? for, if that be prov'd, you ſhall have Juſtice.

Gom. (*Aside.*) Now I dare ſpeak; let him look as dreadfully as he will. I ſay, Sir, and I will prove it, that he had a lewd Deſign upon her Body, and attempted to corrupt her Honeſty.

[Lor. *lifts up his Fiſt clench'd at him.*

I confeſs my Wife was as willing—as himſelf; and, I believe, 'twas ſhe corrupted him: for I have known him formerly a very civil and modeſt perſon.

Elvi. You ſee, Sir, he contradicts himſelf at every word: he's plainly mad.

Alph. Speak boldly man! and ſay what thou wilt ſtand by: did he ſtrike thee?

Gom. I will ſpeak boldly: He ſtruck me on the Face before my own threſhold, that the very walls cry'd ſhame on him.

[Lor. *holds up again.*

'Tis true, I gave him Provocation, for the man's as peaceable a Gentleman as any is in all *Spain*—

Dom. Now the Truth comes out in ſpight of him.

Ped. I believe the Fryar has bewitch'd him.

Alph. For my part, I ſee no wrong that has been offer'd him.

Gom. How? no wrong? why, he raviſh'd me with the help of two Souldiers, carried me away *vi & armis*, and would have put me into a Plot againſt the Government. [Lor. *holds up again.*
I confeſs, I never could endure the Government, becauſe it was Tyrannical: but my Sides and Shoulders are Black and Blew, as I can ſtrip, and ſhew the Marks of 'em. [Lor. *again.*
But that might happen too by a Fall that I got yeſterday upon the Pebbles. [*All laugh.*

Dom. Freſh Straw, and a dark Chamber: a moſt manifeſt Judgment, there never comes better of railing againſt the Church.

Gom.

Gom. Why, what will you have me say? I think you'll make me mad to Truth: has been at my Tongue's end this half hour; and I have no power to bring it out for fear of this bloudy minded Colonel.

Alph. What Colonel?

Gom. Why, my Colonel: I mean, my Wive's Colonel that appears there to me like my *malus genius*, and terrifies me.

Alph. (Turning.) Now you are mad indeed, *Gomez*; this is my Son *Lorenzo*.

Gom. How! your Son *Lorenzo*! it is impossible.

Alph. As true as your Wife *Elvira* is my Daughter.

Lor. What, have I taken all this pains about a Sister?

Gom. No, you have taken some about me: I am sure, if you are her Brother, my Sides can shew the Tokens of our Alliance.

Alph. to *Lor.* You know I put your Sister into a Nunnery, with a strict command, not to see you, for fear you should have wrought upon her to have taken the Habit, which was never my Intention; and consequently, I married her without your knowledge, that it might not be in your power to prevent it.

Elvi. You see, Brother, I had a natural affection to you.

Lor. What a delicious Harlot have I lost! Now, Pox upon me, for being so near akin to thee.

Elvi. However, we are both beholden to Fryar *Dominic*, the Church is an indulgent Mother, she never fails to doe her part.

Dom. Heaven! what will become of me?

Gom. Why; you are not like to trouble Heaven; those fat Guts were never made for mounting.

Lor. I shall make bold to disburthen him of my hundred Pistols, to make him the lighter for his Journey: Indeed, 'tis partly out of Conscience, that I may not be accessory to his breaking his Vow of Poverty.

Alphonso, I have no secular Power to reward the Pains you have taken with my Daughter: But I shall do't by Proxy. Fryar, your Bishop's my Friend, and is too honest to let such as you infect a Cloister.

Gom. Ay, doe Father-in-law, let him be stript of his Habit, and dis-order'd——I would fain see him walk in Querpo, like a cas'd Rabbit, without his holy Fur upon his Back, that the World may once behold the inside of a Fryar.

Dom. Farewell, kind Gentlemen: I give you all my Blessing, before I go——

May

May your Sisters, Wives, and Daughters, be so naturally lewd, that they may have no occasion for a Devil to tempt, or a Fryar to pimp for 'em. [*Exit, with a Rabble pushing him.*

Enter Torrismond, Leonora, Bertran, Raymond, Teresa, &c.

Tor. He lives! he lives! my Royal Father lives!
Let every one partake the general Joy.
Some Angel with a Golden Trumpet sound,
King *Sancho* lives! and let the echoing skies
From Pole to Pole resound, King *Sancho* lives.
O *Bertran*, ô! no more my Foe, but, Brother:
One act like this blots out a thousand Crimes.

Bertr. Bad men, when 'tis their Interest, may doe good:
I must confess, I counsel'd *Sancho's* Murther;
And urg'd the Queen by specious Arguments:
But still, suspecting that her Love was chang'd,
I spread abroad the Rumour of his Death,
To sound the very Soul of her Designs:
Th'Event you know was answering to my Fears:
She threw the *Odium* of the Fact on me,
And publickly avow'd her Love to you.

Raym. Heaven guided all to save the Innocent.

Ber. I plead no Merit, but a bare Forgiveness.

Tor. Not onely that, but Favour: *Sancho's* Life,
Whether by Vertue or Design preserv'd,
Claims all within my power.

Queen, My Prayers are heard;
And I have nothing farther to desire,
But *Sancho's* leave to Authorize our Marriage.

Tor. Oh! fear not him! Pity and he are one;
So mercifull a King did never live;
Loth to revenge, and easie to forgive:
But let the bold Conspiratour beware,
For Heaven makes Princes its peculiar Care. [*Exeunt omnes.*

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE,

By a Friend of the Authours.

THere's none I'm sure, who'l a Friend to Love,
But will our Fryar's Character approve:
The ablest Spark among you sometimes needs
Such pious help for charitable Deeds.
Our Church, alas! (as Rome *objects) does want*
These Ghostly Comforts for the falling Saint:
This gains them their Whore-Converts, and may be
One Reason of the Growth of Popery.
So Mahomet's *Religion came in fashion,*
By the large leave it gave to Fornication.
Fear not the guilt, if you can pay for't well,
There is no Dives in the Roman *Hell.*
Gold opens the strait gate, and lets him in;
But want of money is a mortal sin.
For all besides you may discount to Heaven,
And drop a Bead to keep the Tallies even.
How are men cozen'd still with shews of good!
The Baud's best Mask is the grave Fryar's Hood.
Though Vice no more a Clergy-man displeases,
Than Doctours can be thought to hate Diseases:
'Tis by your living ill, that they live well,
By your Debauches their fat Paunches swell.
'Tis a mock-war between the Priest and Devil,
When they think fit, they can be very civil.
As some who did French *Counsels most advance,*
To blind the World, have rail'd in Print at France.
Thus do the Clergy at your Vices bawl,
That with more ease they may engross them all.
By damning yours, they do their own maintain.
A Church-man's godliness is always gain.
Hence to their Prince they will superiour be;
And civil Treason grows Church-Loyalty:
They boast the gift of Heaven is in their power;
Well may they give the God they can devour.

Still

EPILOGUE.

Still to the sick and dead their cloaths they pay:
For 'tis on Carrion that the Vermin prey.
Nor have hopeless Dominion on our Life,
They trot the Husband, and they pace the Wife.
Rouze up you Cuckolds of the Northern climes,
And learn from Sweden to prevent such crimes.
Unman the Fryar, And leave the holy Drone
To hum in his forsaken Hive alone;
He'll work no Honey when his sting is gone.
Your Wives and Daughters soon will leave the Cells,
When they have lost the sound of Aaron's Bells.

FINIS.